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# Coronet

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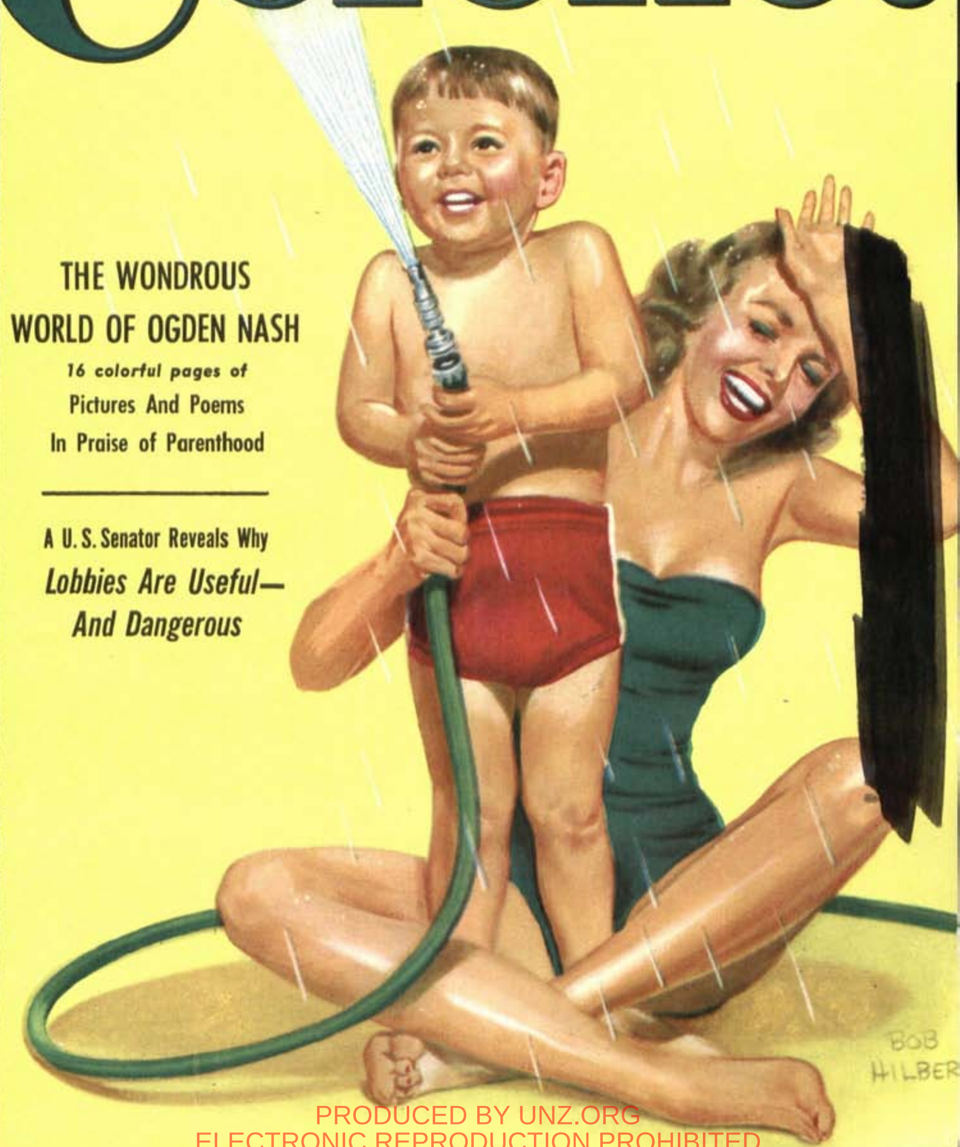

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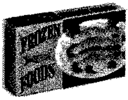

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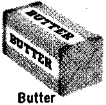

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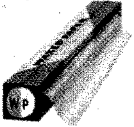

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**Courtesy and resourcefulness qualify her for the job.** Gaye Evans, telephone company Service Representative, obtains information for a customer regarding his telephone service.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANSEL ADAMS

# She Likes to Help People

One of the nice things about the telephone business is the way it brings us close to people.

Many, many times each day—in your community and in countless communities throughout the land—we have the opportunity and the privilege of friendly contacts with those we serve. Sometimes they are by telephone. Very often they are personal visits.

Among those having these contacts are Business Office Service Representatives like Gaye (Mrs. Robert) Evans.

"What we like people to do," says Gaye, "is to think of us as their personal representatives at the telephone company. Whenever there's any question about service or a bill or you're moving or needing more service, we're here to help in every way we can."

Gaye Evans' job takes a special type of person. One who is not only efficient but understanding as well.

Gaye qualifies in many ways. Even in her leisure hours, she finds time to help others, especially the handicapped and the needy. Another of her activities is rehearsing a 26-girl choir.

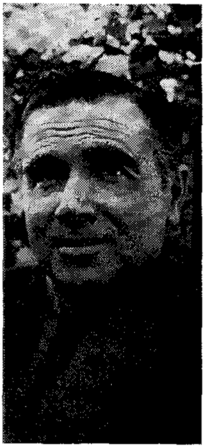
Gaye sums up one of her main satisfactions this way: "It's nice to have people think of the telephone company as a place where they can always find courtesy and consideration. That's our job and we try to be good at it."

**BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**

Dear Reader:

"I need the talents of a pickpocket, psychoanalyst, peeping-tom and evangelist—all in one." So confesses writer Richard Hubler (below), author of the entertaining Tennessee Ernie profile (page 115) and one of Coronet's most gifted biographers of Hollywood and TV personalities—among them Gregory Peck, June Allyson, Hoagy Carmichael and William Holden. A handsome, dark-haired dynamo of a man, Hubler lives in a Los Angeles suburb, with a beautiful, blonde wife, four children and an Airedale called Fido. Hubler is a striking example of his own definition of a writer. His career, for sheer breadth of activity, is as fascinating as any he's brought to life in our pages. Born in Pennsylvania, he's been a private detective, reporter, magazine editor, newspaper correspondent, intelligence officer and Marine Corps combat captain. He's tried his hand at lecturing, public relations, ranching, raising apple trees and—always—writing: writing plays, poetry, articles, short stories, film, radio and TV scripts and, to date, ten books. His latest, "The Man in the Sky," will soon be published by Duell, Sloan and Pearce, Inc.

What has Hubler learned in 20 years of writing about people? 1. If a subject likes his own story immediately, it is a weak article. 2. A great personality, or one just beginning to be known, is easy to write about. The tough ones are those half-way up the ladder. 3. Human behavior is strange enough to allow a hundred absolutely different versions to be written about the same individual. 4. Trying to translate people into words is the most absorbing occupation possible. Asked to translate himself into words, Hubler gave us what is undoubtedly the shortest profile we've ever printed: "Now 43, 5′9½″, solid 185 lbs., dark, ill-favored, curses monotonously while writing." Quite a man, Mr. Hubler. And quite a writer.


"Peeping-Tom" Hubler

The Editors

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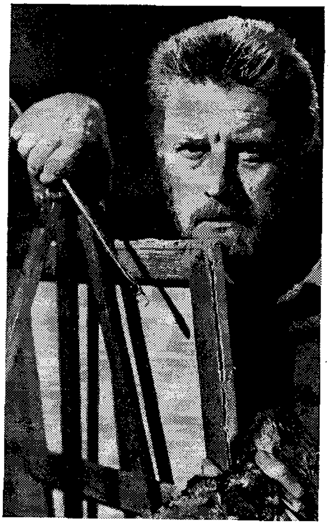
*Thanks to Lauren Bacall, Hollywood found . . .*

# Drivin' Douglas



*Beard and Brush*

"IF YOU MUST GAMBLE," his Russian-immigrant mother mumbled fiercely while bailing him out of a youthful scrape, "gamble on yourself." Kirk Douglas never forgot this advice. Years later, he rejected *MGM's* elaborate *The Great Sinner* for the lead role in *Champion*, a low-budget picture with an unknown producer, Stanley Kramer. *Champion* sent Douglas' stock soaring; *Sinner*, with Gregory Peck, flopped badly.

The success story of Douglas, born Issur Danielovitch 39 years ago in Amsterdam, New York, is reminiscent of a Horatio Alger tale. The only son in a family of seven children, he knew long, lean years of back-breaking work, heartbreaking disappointments and a grumbling, empty stomach. It has left him with a food complex: he always cleans his plate at meals and insists on a full refrigerator at home.

One of Hollywood's busiest actors today, Douglas owes his first movie break to Betty Weinstein, a New York dramatic academy classmate. After Betty went to Hollywood—and changed her name to Lauren Bacall Bogart—she persuaded Producer Hal Wallis in 1946 to sign Kirk for *The Strange Love of Martha Ivers.* His intensity and he-man good looks brought Douglas scores of female fans. *Champion*, three years later, won the males.

Playing the part of a clenched-teeth heel is Douglas' specialty, but he changed his pace recently in *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*, *Ulysses* and in *The Indian Fighter*, which he produced. His anguished and sensitive portrayal this month of the painter, Vincent van Gogh, in *Lust for Life* (*MGM*) will win new admiration for his acting skill.

Douglas' compulsive drive—"I've always wanted to amount to something"—mellowed during 18 months of movie-making abroad. In 1954 he married a chic Parisienne, Anne Buydens, and they have an eight-month-old son. Douglas also has two other boys, 11 and 9, by a former union. A shirt-shedder on screen, the strapping 6-foot, 175-pounder keeps trim with daily gym workouts. He rarely smokes. His future schedule: five more pictures for his Bryna Productions (named for his mother). He shrugged off one Oscar disappointment by answering all calls: "Kirk Douglas, Academy Award loser, speaking."

(*Additional Movie News on page 8*)

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## *A transport ship in wartime and a desirable damsel on the lam*

**AWAY ALL BOATS** (*Universal-International*). This naval story, based on Kenneth Dodson's best-selling novel, paints an incisive portrait of the grueling and subtle aspects of command. Its central figure: the captain of an attack transport in the Pacific during World War II (Jeff Chandler, *right*). His heroic efforts to drill his men into efficiency and to bring his ship to a safe port give prematurely-gray Chandler his most important role to date. He responds with a studied but forceful performance, competently supported by George Nader and Lex Barker.

**BUS STOP** (*20th Century-Fox*) brings Marilyn Monroe, the screen's queen of sex, back to CinemaScope after a year's absence. She fought for this role as a honky-tonk "chantoosie" who flees an uncouth (but kind-hearted) cowboy bent on fencing her in. And she gives it spirit, aided by Joshua Logan's sharp direction. Don Murray, from the Broadway stage, crowds stardom as the loud cowboy. Eileen Heckart, Betty Field and Arthur O'Connell add warmth to a fast-paced comedy.—MARK NICHOLS

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# YOU

***Recent revelations of the experts concerning human facets and foibles***

**WHAT WOMEN WANT:** The average American single woman under 35 isn't as interested in husband hunting as most eligible bachelors—and female magazine editors—are inclined to believe. In fact, this pursuit appeared in only 310 instances on a list of "wants" gathered from some 15,000 women by the YWCA, more than half of them unmarried. More than anything else, the girls wanted to do more traveling. And next, they wanted to widen their circle of friends—all kinds of friends. World peace rated high as an intellectual interest, and more than two-thirds of those interviewed said reading was their favorite means of self-improvement. Such stay-at-home pastimes as cooking and sewing ranked fifth and sixth in the scale of things which the girls enjoyed.

**SUCCESS FORMULA:** If you think you can give Junior the will to succeed by bringing him up on the principles of Horatio Alger, you are probably wasting your time. For, according to a recent study made at Ohio University, a child does not develop ambition as the result of parental teaching, but rather from the effects of family relationships. The study found that the most ambitious adults usually had unhappy childhoods, were not close to their parents, were afraid of their fathers and came from families where parents "played favorites." The study measured a man's ambition by his willingness to make sacrifices. Extremely ambitious men were more willing to be away from their families, risk their health, move about the country and soft-pedal political views.

**HOW OLD IS "OLD"?** Why is it that some people consider themselves just "middle-aged" at 70, while others feel they are "old" before they reach 65? One big factor in differing attitudes toward age, a study by Zena Blau Smith reveals, is the matter of retirement. She found that

(*Continued on page 12*)

# "We're looking for people who like to draw"

**BY ALBERT DORNE**
*Famous Magazine Illustrator*

DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW? If you do—America's 12 Most Famous Artists are looking for you. We want you to test your art talent!

Too many people miss a wonderful career in art—simply because they don't think they have talent. But my colleagues and I have helped thousands of people get started. Like these—

Don Smith lives in New Orleans. Three years ago Don knew nothing about art—even doubted he had talent. Today, he is an illustrator with a leading advertising agency in the South – and has a future as big as he wants to make it.

Harriet Kuzniewski was bored with an "ordinary" job when she sent for our talent test. Once convinced that she had the makings of an artist – she started to study art at home. Soon she was offered a job as a fashion artist. A year later, she became assistant art director of a big buying office.

## Pipe-fitter to Artist

John Busketta is another. He was a pipe-fitter's helper with a big gas company—until he decided to do something about his urge to draw. He still works for the same company—but as an artist in the advertising department. At a big increase in pay!

Don Golemba of Detroit stepped up from railroad worker to the styling department of a major automobile company. Now he helps design new car models!

## Salesgirl, Clerk, and Father of Three Win New Careers

A West Virginia salesgirl studied with us, got a job as an artist, later became advertising manager of the best store in Charleston.

John Whitaker of Memphis, Tenn., was an airline clerk when he began studying with us. Two years later, he won a national cartooning contest. Recently, a huge syndicate signed him to do a daily comic strip.

Stanley Bowen—a married man with three children, unhappy in a dead-end job—switched to a great new career in art. Now he's one of the happiest men you'll ever meet!

## Profitable Hobby—at 72

A great-grandmother in Newark, Ohio, decided to use her spare time to study painting. Recently, she had her first local "one man" show—where she sold thirty-two water colors and five oil paintings.

## Cowboy Starts Art Business

Donald Kern—a cowboy from Miles City, Montana – studied art with us. Now he paints portraits and sells them for $250 each. And he gets all the business he can handle.

Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing until she started studying with us. Now a swank New York gallery exhibits her paintings for sale.

How about you? Wouldn't you like to trade places with these happy artists?

## Free Art Talent Test

We want to help you find out if you have the talent for a fascinating money-making art career (part time or full time). We'll be glad to send you our remarkably revealing 8-page talent test. Thousands formerly paid $1 for this test. But we'll send it to you *free* – if you sincerely like to draw. No obligation. But mail coupon today.

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Address____________________

City, Zone, State____________________

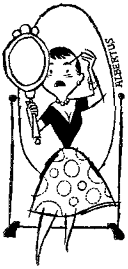
# YOU

## Aging, salting and eyebrow plucking

(Continued from page 10)

fewer than 20 per cent of the employed people under 70 identified themselves as old; but more than 33 per cent of the unemployed in the same age group considered themselves old. In every age group over 65, the employed people were less likely to consider themselves old than were the unemployed. Reason: retirement carries with it the implication that society has written a person off as "too old." And often that person finds himself agreeing.

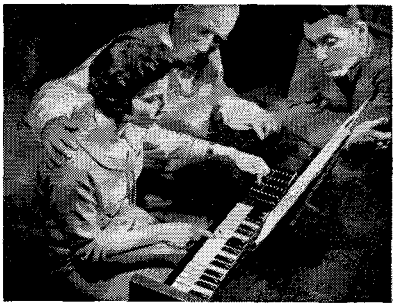
**UNREASONING SEASONING:** The person who goes heavy on the salt shaker may be endangering his health. Drs. Lewis K. Dahl and R. A. Love, of the Brookhaven National Laboratory, have deduced from a series of interviews with employees of the laboratory that a "high" salt diet begun early in life and continued for many years may be an important factor in the development of essential hypertension. Dr. Dahl considers it "strikingly significant" that only one of the 135 persons interviewed who were on a "low" salt diet had developed essential hypertension. Of the 630 on an "average" salt diet, 43 developed the disease. In the "high" category 61 out of 581 were afflicted. Low sodium salt substitutes can help avoid the effects caused by excessive salt intake.



**WHAT'S THEIR LINE?** Doctors often have trouble telling whether their patients' ills stem from mind or body. Now Dr. Leonard L. Lovshin of the Cleveland Clinic describes individuals he considers most likely to be suffering from psychosomatic ills. Among them are: the patients who have a habit of wildly exaggerating their symptoms (I have a *terrible* pain *all over* my body!); those with long lists of ailments (some can name dozens); brunettes who bleach their hair (except show girls and models); people who wear dark glasses, especially indoors (they are so highstrung even dim light bothers them); and women who pluck their eyebrows completely out and replace them with pencil; those who flutter their eyelids (a sign of hysteria) and those who speak of their husbands as being "the most wonderful man in the world."

## You can't believe it!

Here's Uncle Fred who never had a lesson, rolling out song hits on the Hammond Chord Organ. "Played my first piece in half an hour!" he says. "Sit down, it's easy!"



## So you try it . . .

One finger of your right hand plays the melody. (You don't read notes, so you follow Picture Music.) One finger of your left hand presses a button to play a full chord.

# **You're convinced**... in half an hour, you can play the versatile **Hammond Chord Organ**

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# PIANISTS AND PIANOS

When Franz Liszt had finished a recital series in Berlin, thousands of admirers gathered before his hotel to watch his departure. As they applauded wildly, he stepped into a carriage drawn by six white horses. Thirty equipages occupied by the dignitaries of the city and members of the court followed his carriage. Hundreds of coaches filled with Berlin society joined the procession which moved slowly through the streets lined with cheering crowds.

In Moscow, Nicholas Rubinstein was giving a concert. Suddenly a shot was heard. A young and beautiful girl, one of Rubinstein's students whose love he had noticed but not answered, had killed herself. Rubinstein did not interrupt his recital. During the intermission he was taken to the suicide who had died with the virtuoso's picture over her heart. The artist wept—and returned to the stage to play, as contemporaries approvingly noted, more beautifully than ever before.

Gone are those days when romantic women wore on their bosoms lockets with a snip of their favorite pianist's hair—or the ashes of his cigar. Gone are also the violent mannerisms of the great virtuosos. When Anton Rubinstein played in New York, a satirist described it thus: "He run his fingers through his hair, he shoved up his sleeve, he opened his coattails a leetle further, he drug up his stool, he leaned over, and, sir, he just went for that old pianner. He slapped her face, he boxed her jaws, he pulled her nose. He knockt her down, and he stampt on her shameful. She bellowed like a bull, she bleated like a calf, she howled like a hound. The house trembled, the lights danced, the walls shuk, the floor came up, the ceilin' come down, the sky split, the ground rokt. Bang! He lifted himself bodily into the air and he came down with his knees, his ten fingers, his ten toes, his elbows, and his nose, striking every solitary key on the pianner at the same time. The thing busted and went off into seventeen hundred and fifty-seven thousand five hundred and forty-two hemi-demi-semi-quivers, and I know'd no mo'."

Liszt was the first pianist to fill an entire concert with a solo recital. He is the first also, it is said, who broke—and not for musical reasons—with the habit of seating the pianist with his back to the audience. Sitting sidewise, as is the custom now, allowed him to show his profile to his admirers!

The story is told of another virtuoso who sat down on his piano stool and felt it was too low. A book was put on the chair but he rejected it because it made the seat too high. Then he tore *one* page from the book, placed it on the chair and, satisfied, began to play. This sounds like the act of a clown and, indeed, a famous musical comedian uses it in his act. But most every great pianist has his vehemently defended theory on the way to sit before the instrument. One sits high and generates power by crashing down with the fingers from above; another crouches low and applies a heavy touch.

An amazing story is told about Paderewski, the Polish pianist. Once when a young artist played a nocturne, Paderewski called from the adjoining room: "Why do you always play that note with the fourth finger? I can *hear* you do and it sounds bad." Different fingers can produce a different quality of tone. And not all kinds of hand and wrist are equally suitable. Contrary to popular concept, a long narrow hand with long fingers is regarded as the poorest. Josef Hofmann, probably the greatest piano virtuoso in modern times, has a small, thick and intensely muscular hand.

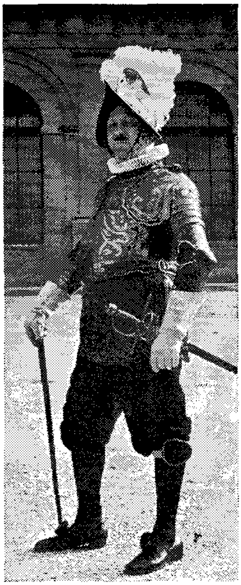
But the most important of the many technical prerequisites for great piano playing is a perfect instrument. When the late William Kapell concertized in South America he sent his two favorite grand pianos ahead of him. To the great pianist, concert pianos, even of the same make and series, are not the same. Only one instrument, he feels, responds best to his individuality.

As one great artist—both in the salon and behind the keyboard—phrased it: "I'm never quite sure about the kind of woman necessary to my art, but I always know the right piano."

## Coronet's Choice From Recent Recordings of Piano Music

Bach, The Goldberg Variations: Glenn Gould; Columbia ML 5060
A Bach Recital, 3 records: James Friskin; Vanguard-Bach Guild BG 543-545
Bartók, Mikrokosmos, 3 record-album: Gyorgy Sandor; Columbia SL-229
Chopin, Waltzes: Artur Rubinstein; RCA Victor LM-1892
Chopin, Mazurkas and Polonaises: Witold Malcuzynski; Angel 35284
Chopin, Nocturnes, 2 records: Eugene Istomin; Columbia SL-226
Clementi, Sonatas: Vladimir Horowitz; RCA Victor LM-1902
Granados, Goyescas: Amparo Iturbi; RCA Victor LM-1925
Mozart, Piano Solo Series: Walter Gieseking; Angel 35068ff.
Poulene, Sonata for Two Pianos: Gold and Fizdale; Columbia ML 5068
Ravel, Complete Piano Solo Works, 3 records: Walter Gieseking; Angel 3541
Saint-Saëns, Variations on a Theme of Beethoven; Schumann, Andante and Variations, etc.: Ferrante and Teicher; Westminster XWN—18169
Schubert, Sonata in B Flat Major; Ländler, op. 171: Leon Fleischer; Columbia ML 5061
Schubert, Fantasy in F Minor, op. 103; Brahms, Hungarian Dances: Piano Duo Schnabel; Epic LC 3183
Schumann, Carnaval and Kreisleriana: Geza Anda; Angel 35247
Schumann, "Davidsbündler" Dances; Symphonic Etudes: Rudolf Firkusny; Capitol P 8337
Shostakovitch, Preludes and Fugues: Dmitri Shostakovitch; Capitol P 18013
Brailowsky Recital (Schumann, Mendelssohn, etc.); RCA Victor LM-1918
Josef Hofmann Golden Jubilee Concert; Columbia KL 4929

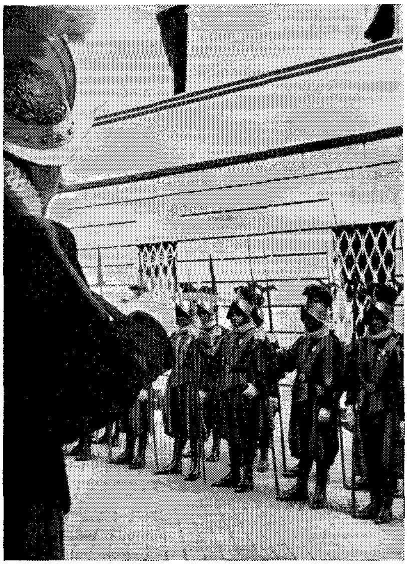
—Fred Berger



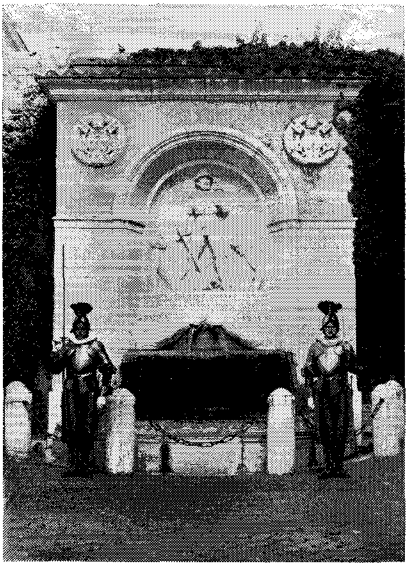
An officer of the Guard.

# Vatican Guard

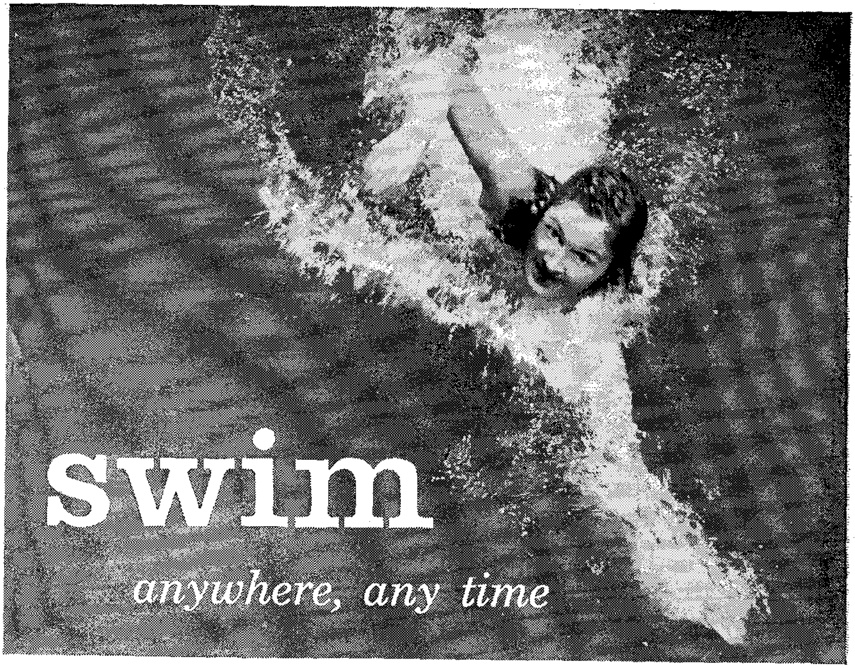
Armed with swords and halberds and, on special occasions, carbine rifles, members of the world's most antique "army" stand watch over the gates and chapels of the Vatican in Rome. They are the renowned papal Swiss Guards. An elite body of 108 officers and men clad in renaissance armor and uniforms designed by Michelangelo, the Guards have served for four and a half centuries as the personal escort of the Pope. Established in 1505, they were then originally recruited in Switzerland, which boasted the finest soldiers in Europe. And members have come from there ever since. Recruits must be unmarried, between 18 and 25, and graduates of a special military school. Their heroic tradition dates back to 1527 when the Guards were wiped out defending Pope Clement VII during the sack of Rome.



Once a year new recruits are sworn in.



On duty at memorial to Guards' valor.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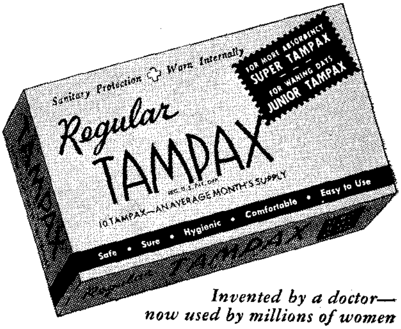
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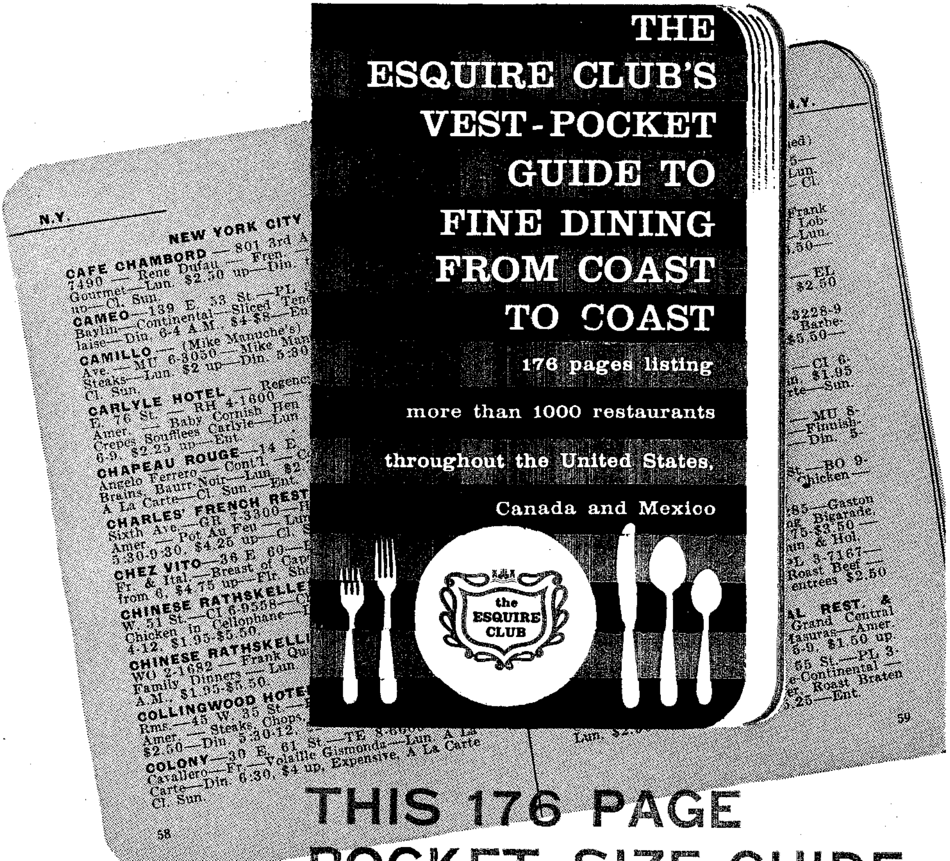

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up—Cl. Sun.
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laise—Din. 6-4 A.M., $4-$8—En
**CAMILLO** — (Mike Manuche's)
Ave. — MU 6-3050 — Mike Man
Steaks—Lun. $2 up—Din. 5:30
Cl. Sun.
**CARLYLE HOTEL** — Regenc
E. 76 St. — RH 4-1600 —
Amer. — Baby Cornish Hen
Crepes Souflees Carlyle—Lun
6-9, $2.25 up—Ent.
**CHAPEAU ROUGE**—14 E.
Angelo Ferrero — Cont'l. — C
Brains, Baurr-Noir—Lun. $2
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**CHARLES' FRENCH REST**
Sixth Ave.—GR 7-3300—H
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5:30-9:30, $4.25 up—Cl. S
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Cavallero—Fr.—Volaille Gismonda—Lun. A La
Carte—Din. 6:30, $4 up, Expensive, A La Carte
Cl. Sun.

58

N.Y.

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St.—BO 9-
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Roast Beef—
entrees $2.50
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Lun. $2.

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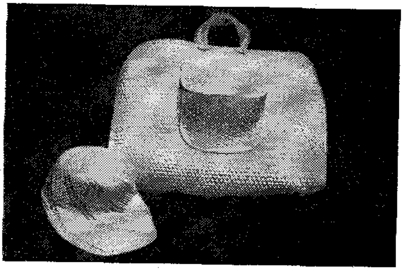
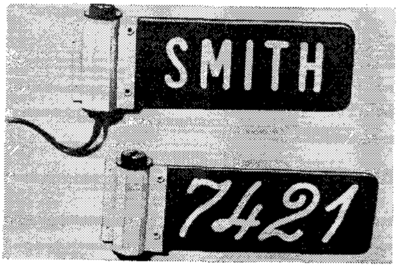
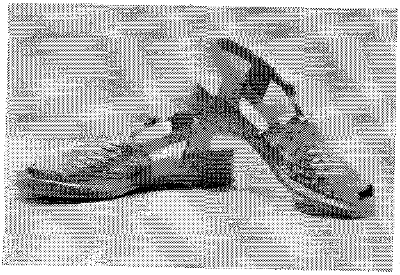


**OVERSIZED** Summer tote bag will hold all a lady could wish to carry to beach or on picnic. Lightweight. Natural Mexican straw. Has 2 roomy pockets. 20″x18″. Natural straw peak hat is imported from Ecuador. Bag, $4.75; hat, $1.25 pp. Greenhall, Dept. C, 1133 Broadway, New York 10, N. Y.



**THIS NAME** or house number marker is electric. At night, 6-watt bulb illumines Lucite sign internally. In daylight, white characters contrast with black finish. $5.98 up to 6 characters. $.30 each additional character to max. of 10, pp. Fineline Co., Dept. C, 303 5th Ave., New York 16, N. Y.



**GRINGO SANDALS** of woven beige crushed kidskin make cool footwear for marketing or relaxing. Crepe rubber sole and foam rubber innersole for extra comfort. Fashioned for gals with hard to fit foot. Sizes 8-12, AAAAA to C. $13.45 pp. Shoecraft, Dept. CO, 603 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

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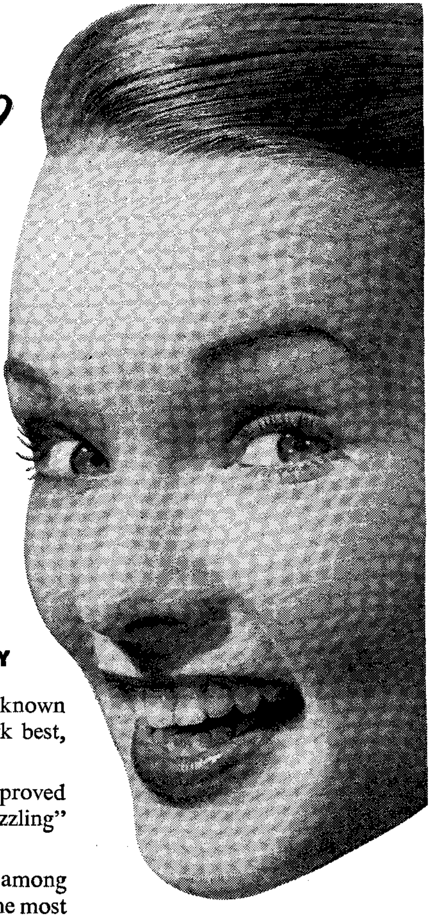
(*Continued on page* 22)

Merchandise may be ordered by sending check or money order to the source indicated. Prices listed include postage. Firms agree to accept all but personalized items for refund.

# "Me Complain? Never!"



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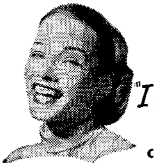

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### SHOPPER'S GUIDE

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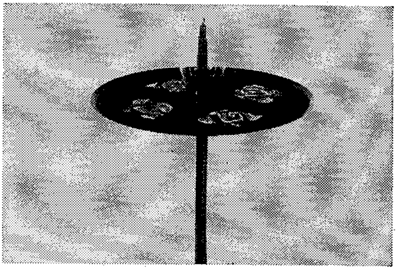
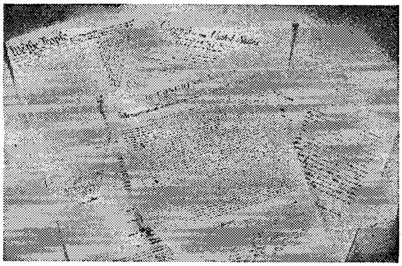
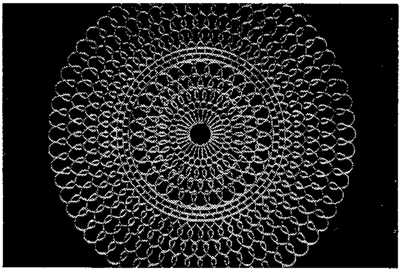


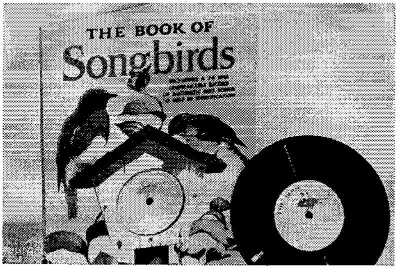
**REVOLVING** patio platter holds tidbits and glasses for back-yard snacks. Pole, which supports removable steel tray, can be stuck in ground. Hurricane lamp with candle gives light on summer evenings. Black with floral design. $4.95 pp. House of Ideas, Dept. CO, 1309 State St., Racine, Wisc.



**SET OF 4** famous American documents are reproduced on artificially aged parchment. Declaration of Independence and Bill of Rights measure 12″x15¾″; Constitution, 12″x19¾″; Gettysburg Address, 11″x14″. $1.00 per set pp. Franklin-Monroe Co., Dept. C, 817 Norton St., Rochester 21, N. Y.



**LACE-LIKE** plastic doilies dress up a summer table setting yet eliminate tedious laundering. Can be cleaned with a damp cloth. Soft, white, stainproof. Also use as mat for vases or serving dishes. 8″ dia. $1.19 pp for set of 8. House of Schiller, Dept. 213, 180 N. Wacker Dr., Chicago 6, Ill.

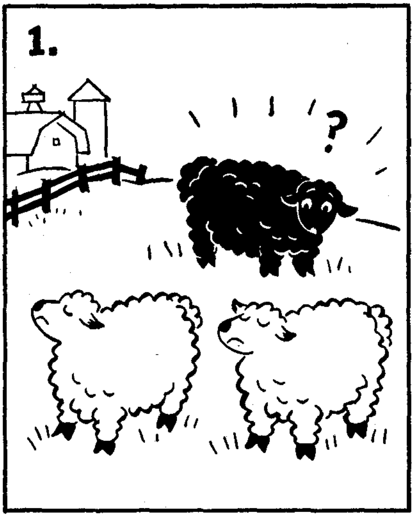


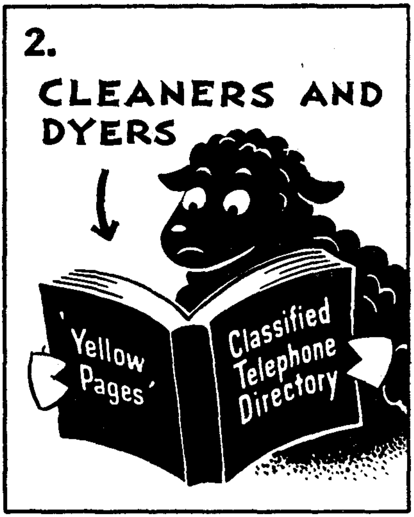
**CHILDREN** can learn to identify birds and their songs with this combination of book and record. Book describes and illustrates habitats and markings of more than 80 songbirds. 78 RPM unbreakable record contains 24 calls. $2.00 pp. Grosset & Dunlap, Dept. B, 1107 Broadway, New York 10, N. Y.

(*Continued on page* 24)

A new School and College Directory: As an additional service to our readers, Coronet presents a new listing of educational opportunities on pages 160 and 161.

# LOOking for Something?




2.
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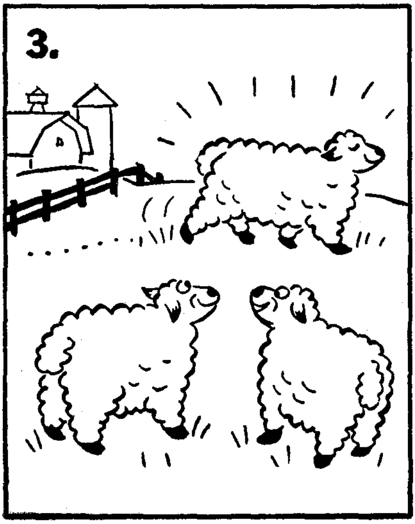

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SHOPPER'S GUIDE

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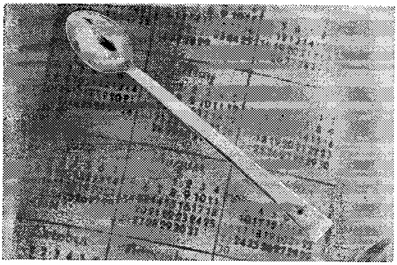
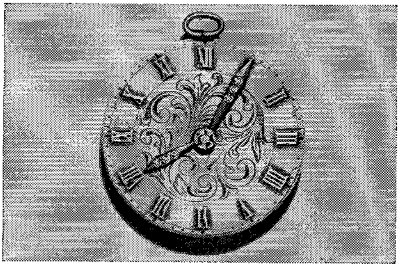
BRAIDMASTERY

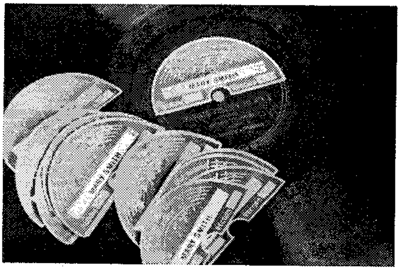
**LEARN** to braid rugs with kit which includes instructions, metal holders that fold material into tubular form, needle for lacing, waxed linen thread, and measuring gauge to use for cutting material into proper widths. $2.95 pp. R. Peters Assocs., Dept. C, 19 W. 34th St., New York 1, N. Y.



**CHILD'S SPOON** has precious stone to commemorate month of birth. Extra long handle and small bowl are especially designed for feeding baby. Sterling silver. Patterns are Continental modern and Minuet traditional. $8.50 to $17.50 depending on jewel, Michaels Jewelers, Colony St., Meridan, Conn.



**THIS PIN,** replica of an Old English watch dial, has movable hands. Antique gold finish. Center has diamond-like stone. Hands are set in choice of simulated rubies, sapphires, diamonds or emeralds. $3.95 pp. House of European Specialties, 5th Fl., 29 W. 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

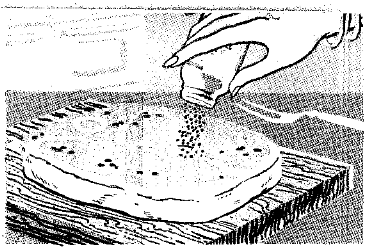


**COLLECTORS** can identify their own phonograph records with personalized seals. One name only, imprinted in gold. Space provided for album and pocket designation. Avoids confusion of ownership at parties. 50 for $1.69, 100 for $3.00, pp. Greenland Studios, 5858-G Forbes St., Pittsburgh 17, Pa.

**TO READERS OF PRODUCTS ON PARADE: See Coronet's Family Shopper on page 157 for listings of additional mail order products and services which may be of further interest and value to you.**

# The Truth About Meat Tenderizer

*What everyone should know about this amazing food discovery*



FOR CENTURIES, the wholesome fruit of the papaya plant has been known to make tough meat tender. Chefs everywhere have long used papaya extracts to insure tenderness in all cuts and grades of meat. Now, the full tenderizing qualities of healthful papaya have been scientifically captured and combined with other pure foods in Adolph's Meat Tenderizer.

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Enjoy the best-tasting salt substitute ever made! Adolph's Salt Substitute sprinkles and seasons like salt, enhances all food flavor and retains flavor in cooking. *To enjoy your diet* ask your grocer for Adolph's Salt Substitute.

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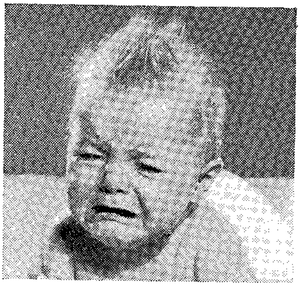

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with the finest, *purest* baby oil there is, specially blended with wonderfully soothing lanolin.

# WASHINGTON LOBBYISTS—

# *The Third House of Congress*

*by* SENATOR RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

**Let's be realistic, warns this young senator: lobbies are here to stay. Whether they help or hurt depends on all of us**

THE FLORID-FACED MAN across the desk told me indignantly, "I'm sure our people out in Oregon will be very disappointed to learn that you do not intend to vote with us, Senator.

"Indeed," he continued pointedly, "their disappointment could even mean that you will be left home when you run for re-election."

"That's certainly their privilege," I replied.

And then, thinking of Oregon's majestic hills and valleys in the first tinted flush of autumn, I could not resist adding, "An old Senator from Delaware named Bayard once told a lobbyist who voiced a similar threat, 'Home has no terrors for me.' " I smiled. "You and your people are going to have a hard time frightening any Senator who thinks as longingly of home as I do!"

This was one of my early brushes in our national capital with a "lobbyist." He fitted the standard picture which most Americans have of a lobbyist—a person who puts pressure on members of Congress to persuade them to do the bidding of the particular special-interest group which the lobbyist happens to be representing.

In a free nation, heavy pressure on the law-making arm of government is bound to exist—and at times this pressure can be like an iron vise.

When an issue of major importance is up in the Senate for a roll-call decision, trade-union members or farmers or real-estate agents, as the situation may be, file constantly into a Senator's office. This is what is known as "turning on the heat."

His mailbags overfloweth. Stenographers must toil until midnight helping to reply to this torrent. The telephone rings like a trolley gong. Telegrams descend on the Senator's desk in a Niagara of yellow paper.

One lobbyist may have pulled the lever to start this flood. But it has all the aspects of a genuine revolt at the grassroots.

Yet this is democracy at work. People in a free country have the privilege of communicating their wishes and wants to their representatives in government.

I did not resent the florid-faced man's threat. Votes are the currency paid across the sales-counter of democracy. If a group of people represented by a lobbyist are displeased with a Senator's reaction to their cause, it is their inalienable right to try to defeat him at the polls—so long as they do this with votes and not with money. That is my dividing line between legitimate lobbyists and those who symbolize a harmful and dangerous element in our democratic way of life.

On the disturbing side, for instance, are those lobbyists who instigate blitzkriegs of mail in which the writers seem to have scant specific knowledge of the bills they are opposing or supporting. This already has happened with me on several major issues.

In 1955, my office was bombarded by letters from doctors urging me to vote against proposals to lower to 50 the age for disability payments. The letters insisted this was a stride toward socialized medicine.

In many of my replies I wrote: "I must confess that it simply is not apparent to me how it will in any way affect physicians, or their relationship with their patients, to give fully disabled workers their Social Security prior to reaching 65. If the medical profession does have any reasoned objection to this change, which I should think would merely make it easier for disabled people to afford medical care of their own choosing, I would like to hear what they are."

I did not receive one answer explaining how increased Social Security disability payments could possibly imperil the liberties of doctors.

When I returned to Oregon, I asked a prominent and conservative surgeon why he had written me protesting the bill because of possible socialization of the practice of medicine.

"Senator," he confessed, "I don't know yet what's actually in that bill. But we received constant bulletins from the American Medical Association urging us to write our members of the House and Senate in that way, and so I did so."

Through elaborate propaganda devices made available by vast sums of money, lobbyists can convey to the public a distorted picture of nearly any issue or question.

At both the state and national level, this kind of distortion is all too frequent. As a State Senator and as a United States Senator, I advocated legislation to prevent the defacement of our scenic roads by signboards.

Immediately, the billboard lobby went to work on me. My colleagues were deluged with letters and wires contending that innumerable widows and orphans owed their livelihood to rentals collected from signboard companies for use of their property. I was accused of being an "enemy of labor" by a lobbyist for the sign painters. I even found enlisted against me various civic, charitable and patriotic societies which occasionally received free signboard space to advertise their various causes.

I am sure that the measures to restrict signboards would have been adopted decisively at a referendum vote of all the people. Yet they failed in Congress and in the Legislature because the billboard lobby succeeded in convincing the lawmakers that it was unsafe politically to back my proposals. And hardly ever did the signboard corporations themselves protrude through this formidable façade which their lobby had erected.

In my opinion, false and misleading propaganda employed in lobbying can be held to a minimum if we adopt laws strictly controlling the expenditure of money in politics. For I believe lobbying actually becomes evil and perilous only when improper financial inducements are involved, as in the recent episode of the $2,500 campaign contribution tentatively offered to Senator Francis Case of South Dakota if he would vote to pass the bill exempting natural-gas companies from Federal rate regulation.

This is where the real pressure comes, and why I am in favor of Federal financing of our election campaigns.

IN WASHINGTON, today, there are 4,216 individuals registered as lobbyists. They vary all the way from $60,000-a-year spokesmen for private utility companies to $50-a-week pleaders for certain religious and peace groups. They include such famous personages as ex-Senator Scott W. Lucas of Illinois, onetime Democratic majority leader in the U.S. Senate, and Oscar L. Chapman, former Secretary of the Interior in the Truman cabinet. Some have many clients, some only one.

Under the Federal Regulation-of-Lobbying Act, professional lobbyists must register and disclose whom they represent. Thus if I am being importuned by a spokesman for automobile dealers or chain grocery stores, I have an opportunity to be aware of it. I can judge accordingly. I can hear the case on its merit.

Lobbyists fit neatly into two categories — the professionals and the amateurs. The professionals are paid to present a case to Congress; the amateurs do it for love of a cause.

In a broad sense, I suppose, the delegation of uniformed Boy Scouts who invaded my office to protest the granting of oil leases on wildlife refuges might have been described as lobbyists. Certainly they were putting to good use the first article of our Bill of Rights, which provides that "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging . . . the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances."

Many times the frontier between paid and amateur lobbying becomes blurred. Such organizations as the National Grange, the AFL-CIO, the National Association of Real Estate Boards, the American Legion and the American Tariff League all maintain hired representatives in Washington. But when an issue of importance to one of these groups comes up, the professional lobbyist is likely to be reinforced by dozens and even hundreds of amateurs from the states of all doubtful Senators, and the heat is on.

Lobbyists often provide much useful information, although of course a Senator must screen it carefully. As a member of the Senate Public Works Committee, I have been in a strategic position concerning Federal highway legislation. Railroads have felt themselves directly involved because the trucks using these highways are the railroads' principal competitors for freight tonnage. The trucks have believed their destiny was at stake because the open road constitutes their only avenue of travel. The American Automobile Association has insisted that the average motorist has the biggest stake of all because he foots most of the cost.

Lobbyists for these three groups paraded to my office constantly. They presented vast quantities of facts and figures—some of which I challenged, but a lot of which were accurate and impressive. No improper inducement ever was ventured.

Without the data made available by railroads and truckers and the AAA, I doubt if I would have felt fully qualified to reach a decision on the kind of a highway bill which was best for the nation.

DESPITE THE PRESSURE which all of us frequently feel, I know few legislators who would forbid lobbying.

At one time, many Senators belonged to lobbyists, body and soul, because of lavish benefactions which they blithely accepted. Daniel Webster, distinguished member of the Senate from Massachusetts, wrote the president of the Bank of the United States in 1833 that, "my retainer has not been received or refreshed as usual"—right at a time when the Bank was lobbying for Congressional renewal of its monopolistic charter.

But this was during an era when Senators were appointed by State Legislatures. Not until 1913 was Amendment XVII to the Constitution finally ratified. It provided for direct election of Senators, and it ended the cavalier disdain of ordinary ethics by men who were not, in truth, immediately responsible to the American people.

*"In a free nation, heavy pressure on the law-making arm of the government is bound to exist."*

Yet, having eliminated one evil, the 17th amendment brought with it a new evil of its own. This was the need for big campaign funds to win elections. All at once it became necessary to pay for billboards, newspaper advertising, elaborate party headquarters—and now radio and TV broadcasting time—in order to contact the voters. It is this factor today which puts many Senators at the mercy of lobbyists.

Campaign spending is the dark continent of American politics. The laws governing such spending are obscure and murky. If a lobbyist offers a Senator $100 to vote for or against a particular bill, a bribe has been offered. This is a criminal act. The Senator, too, is guilty if he accepts the $100.

But should the same lobbyist inform the same Senator that he and his principals desire to contribute not a modest $100 but the sum of $10,000 to the Senator's forthcoming campaign for re-election because the Senator has been so helpful and understanding, this presumably is completely legal.

And this, obviously, arms lobbyists with fearful power to help one Senator and to hurt another. The prospect of having vast sums spent against him during a political campaign can be quite as much leverage as the pledge of funds to be disbursed in his favor.

I did not crumple when a wealthy timber operator interested in forest legislation told me that he intended to spend substantial sums to help elect my opponent, but I must admit that I swallowed hard. Let me explain why.

I help represent a state with barely one per cent of the national population. Yet approximately $100,000 was spent on my 1954 race for the Senate, and my campaign treasury was small in comparison to that of my opponent and other modern Senatorial contests. William S. White of *The New York Times* has estimated it requires a campaign wallet of at least $1,000,000 to be elected to the Senate today from a populous industrial state, and $200,000 from even a state of average size and population.

How can men and women in high governmental positions be freed from the yoke of these huge sums?

Long ago, President Theodore Roosevelt voiced this proposal to the nation: "The need for collecting large campaign funds would vanish if Congress provided an appropriation for the proper and legitimate expenses of each of the great national parties, an appropriation ample enough to meet the necessity for thorough organization and machinery, which requires a large expenditure of money. Then the stipulation should be made that no party receiving campaign funds from the Treasury should accept more than a fixed amount from any individual subscriber or donor . . ."

I have introduced a bill to transmit into law Teddy Roosevelt's recommendations. These are its leading provisions:

1. A contribution from the government to each major party of 20 cents per voter during Presidential-election years and of 15 cents during Congressional-election years.
2. To qualify for these donations, a party must have polled at least 10 per cent of the popular vote in the last previous election.
3. Permission to the parties to raise by private subscription a total sum equal to their Federal contributions, *provided no individual donor gives more than $100.*
4. A reduction in the Government donation if a party violates these restrictions.
5. Administration of the law by a nonpartisan Federal Campaign Contributions Board appointed by the President.

I believe these features would go a long way toward liberating our public officials from improper soliciting by lobbyists or anybody else.

Under my proposal, the Republican and Democratic parties each would qualify for Federal funds of $11,065,985 in 1956 and for $6,247,888 in the election year of 1958. A limit of $100 on contribution by private citizens would preclude any such situation as that in 1952, when one family in the oil industry gave the Republican Party a total of $146,480. It also would make unnecessary Democratic Party reliance on donations from the political-education coffers of trade unions.

But even if some plan such as this is adopted to curtail the influence of money in politics, we still shall have to rely increasingly upon the caliber and ethics of the people whom we elect to office. We must seek out men and women who never will consider political victory as an excuse to lay aside in some moral deep-freeze either the Ten Commandments or the Sermon on the Mount. For no lobbyist can pervert the democratic process unless he gains the cooperation of those in whom the electorate has vested a sacred trust.

## Unreliable Report

ARTEMUS WARD, the humorist, was once assigned by his newspaper to cover a social register ball. Having no interest in attending the affair, he wrote a brilliant and entirely fictitious account of it and arranged to have it delivered at a suitable time.

Unfortunately, the great event was unexpectedly canceled. Ward's glowing report nevertheless appeared in the society column in the next morning's edition.

After five weeks' absence, he cautiously showed himself in the city room. His editor stormed, "Where have you been, Ward?"

"I couldn't afford," came the ready reply, "to be associated with such an unreliable newspaper." —STANLEY J. SIEGEL

# grin and share it

BASEBALL UMPIRES are notoriously stubborn. One day in a Cleveland-New York game with fireballer Bob Feller pitching, Yankee Lefty Gomez stepped up to the plate in the last inning and casually told the umpire the game should be called because of darkness.

"Keep playing," came the stern reply.

Gomez took out a match and lit it.

"What's the big idea," demanded the man in blue. "Can't you see Feller?"

"Sure I can," said Gomez. "I just want to be sure he can see me."

—HENRY MORRIS, *Catholic Digest*

ON A CROWDED NEW YORK BUS recently a man suddenly buried his head in his hands. The passenger seated next to him asked if he was sick.

"No," said the man with a slight shudder, "it's just that I can't bear to see old ladies standing."

—*Sundial* (OHIO STATE UNIV.)

* * *

A YOUNG NEWLY-MARRIED Californian went to her local department store for advice about decorating her apartment. The store's home-furnishing counselor asked first about her furniture, if it was mostly Modern, French Provincial, Early American, or what.

"Well, I guess you'd say it was sort of Early Matrimony," the girl smiled. "Some of it's his mother's and some is my mother's."

—ART RYON

* * *

A YOUNG SOCIETY MATRON WAS playing her first game of golf and her caddy was spending most of his time in the rough and in the woods. Along about the ninth hole she asked testily, "Why do you keep looking at your watch? Time doesn't mean anything out here."

"That's not a watch, lady," the caddy quickly replied. "That's a compass."

—MILTON WEISS

AT A LARGE PUBLIC DINNER, a woman found herself seated between a parson and a rabbi. Determined to be witty, she remarked with a bright smile: "I feel as though I were a leaf between the Old and the New Testaments."

To which the parson observed: "That page, madam, is usually a blank!"

—*St. Anthony Messenger*

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

# The Land of the Slave Market

by JONATHAN BURKETT

**Today, in the enlightened 20th century, human beings are still being bought and sold like cattle in oil-rich Saudi Arabia**

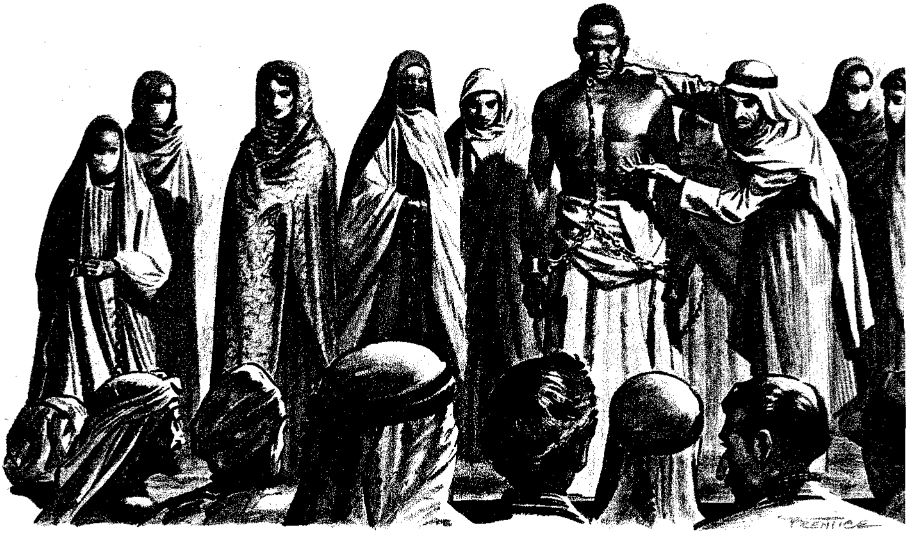
IN Africa and the Middle East—today—slave hunters and traders are more and more boldly resuming their age-old traffic in human flesh. A ready market awaits their merchandise in the boom towns of Saudi Arabia, one of the last strongholds of slavery in the modern world, where money from dollar oil royalties is plentiful, and there is a steadily growing demand for domestic and work slaves.

Twentieth-century slave hunters use all the old stratagems of enticement and kidnap, plus automobiles. Saudi slave-dealers roam on motor trucks as far afield as French Equatorial Africa, Nigeria and the Belgian Congo. They choose remote villages out of sight of police or gendarmerie, pretend they are Moslem missionaries and proceed to convert the likeliest-looking prospects to the faith of Islam.

Then they persuade their victims that the quickest way to ensure an eternal future in Paradise is to make the pilgrimage to Mecca enjoined on the Faithful. Travel is to be free, of course, and the happy natives climb aboard the trucks with smiles and songs. For many of them, this is their first experience on wheels.

The trucks make the thousand-mile journey, under cover of night to avoid detection, to the east African ports of Port Sudan and Suakin. There the pilgrims board waiting Arab sailing ships for the short sea crossing to the Arabian harbor of Lith, 120 miles south of Jidda.

Once at sea, there is no possibility of turning back. In the old days, when the Arab slave-masters sighted a British navy patrol, they would dump their human cargo overboard. But the British discontinued their patrol of the Red Sea which lies north of Aden, during World War II, and have not since resumed it.



When the pilgrims come ashore at Lith, they are immediately placed under arrest for "illegal entry" into Saudi Arabia. They are taken to the Jidda prison and then disappear into the slave markets, where they are eagerly bought by Saudi nobles. At least 600 slaves a year find their way into the market by this route.

So disturbed has the French government become by the traffic in slaves from its mandated territory in the Cameroons, that it sent an investigating committee to Africa last year, headed by the Rev. Emanuel La Gravière, pastor of the French Protestant Church.

On the other side of Arabia in the disturbed borderland between the Saudi kingdom and the sultanate of Masgat and Oman, six Arab tribes make their living by slave hunting. There is a recognized slave route going from Dibai, through Masgat and the Buraimi Oasis, to Al-Hasa and Riyadh, King Saud's capital city.

Charles W. W. Greenidge, veteran British colonial administrator now secretary of the Anti-Slavery and Aborigine Protection Society of London, which has been fighting the infamous traffic in humankind for over 100 years, has stated that one cause for the increase in slave traffic is the weakening of controls by African colonial powers.

The chief merchants on the slave route are Ibn Gruraib al Mirri of the Al Murra tribe, Jabu Ibn Hadfa and Ibn 'Abd Rabbo. They make seasonal trips to Dibai and Masgat, returning with groups of 50 to 60 slaves at a time. The slaves are first put up for sale at Al Hasa and, if unsold there, are shipped to brokers at Riyadh.

Kidnaping of slaves is frequently carried out in the Qatar and Buraimi areas. The slave traders hire bands of entertainers and musicians, who give performances on the outskirts of towns and villages at which dancing parties gather. The trader makes arrangements with one of the six slave-hunting tribes to raid the dancing parties and carry off girls, for whom an agreed price per head is paid to the tribe's sheik.

Once the slaves reach the brokers' hands, they are sold openly in the marketplace at Mecca, called Dakkat Al Abeed (the slave platform), and at Riyadh. The slaves are taken round the ring in batches of six or seven, yoked together like cattle.

In an address to the Economic and Social Council of the United Nations last April, Mr. Greenidge stated that another source of slaves for the Saudi Arabian markets is the deserted coast of Baluchistan, westernmost province of the new Islamic republic of Pakistan. Greenidge told the U.N. that 12 kidnaped Baluchi slaves met secretly and planned to escape. They collected enough money to buy two camels to carry food and water supplies for their journey home across the desert.

They were pursued by a search party dispatched by the governor. Nine slaves were beheaded in the desert. The remaining three were brought back to Riyadh for public execution as an example to other would-be escapees, and were duly beheaded by a Negro slave.

From the north, drugged Circassian beauties, purchased in the clandestine slave bazaars of Aleppo in Syria are brought singly on camelback to be sold into the harems of desert sheiks.

Conservative estimates place the slave population of oil-rich Saudi Arabia at upwards of 500,000 out of a total of some 6,500,000. An Inspector of Slave Affairs issues official licenses to accredited slave brokers and agents under a law promulgated on October 2, 1936, which is still in force.

For years, the League of Nations and its successor, the U.N., through the Economic and Social Council, sought information from the Saudi Arabian government about the slave traffic and slave ownership in the desert kingdom. King Ibn Saud, his son, King Saud, who succeeded him over two years ago, and the uncles, sons, brothers and cousins who constitute the ruling hierarchy of the land, have kept discreetly silent to all requests for data.

But unfortunately for the good name of Saudi Arabia, there are many objective eye-witnesses, European and American travelers and confidants of kings and sheiks, who have seen for themselves the continued practice of the shameful institution, which every civilized nation on earth has long since renounced.

THE ARABIAN SLAVES fall into three classes. First are the domestic serfs who engage in menial tasks for their masters. They are the cheapest form of power, next to the camel. Then comes the favored category of concubines, permitted in limitless number by Moslem law to those who can afford them. And last are the male slaves, bought and reared as playmates and companions through life for the sons of wealthy Arabs, or employed for other purposes over which it is better to draw a veil.

Many male slaves find their way

into the pearl fisheries of the Red Sea coast or into the salt mines, for which it is difficult to procure free labor because of the unpleasant conditions of work. But at least these slaves, whose bodily needs must be provided for by their masters according to Islamic law, are better off than many of the "free" laborers in the oil-well areas.

The royal slaves are probably better off than those in private ownership. A royal slave, if he behaves himself, has a good chance of promotion to an administrative job at court or in government service; and if he has never known personal liberty, nevertheless he enjoys security of tenure.

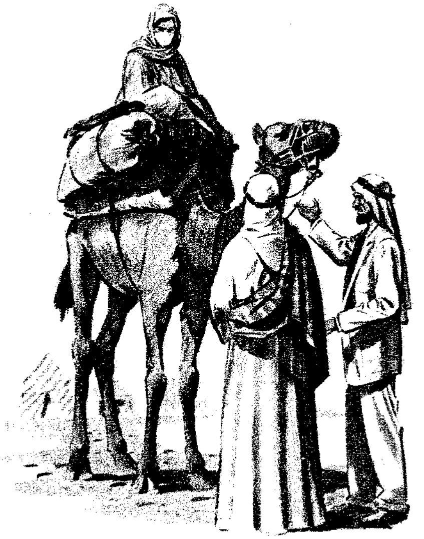
Other slave-owners are less considerate of their human property and it is a common practice for rich Saudi Arabians to free their slaves when they have outlived their usefulness and dump them into the streets, where their only hope of survival is through begging, a major industry on the Arabian peninsula.

Disciplinary punishments for unruly or incompetent domestic slaves vary from master to master. Gérald de Gaury, who spent years in the service of the Saudi monarchs, tells of a Negro slave who broke a glass and came to him for the whipping for his misdeed to which he had become accustomed. Caning is not infrequent and this is generally carried out by fellow-slaves.

But the chances are that a well-behaved slave will survive quietly till the end of his days. If a female slave finds favor in her master's eyes and has children by him, her offspring are free; and customarily she, too, will receive her freedom upon the master's death. Behind the closely guarded doors of the harem, there has been many a silent tragedy lived out by a rejected wife, who helplessly watches her husband transfer his affections to a younger and comelier slave girl.

The peculiar confusion of modernity and barbarism which characterizes the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia is strikingly illustrated by the provisions of the law of 1936, which regulates the slave traffic. Article 9 provides that "all slaves must be enrolled by a special register to be kept by the competent authorities, and every slave shall be given a certificate of identity containing his description and, in case of males, his photograph."

Other clauses provide that the



**In today's market a teen-age girl slave can bring as little as $100, as much as $1,000.**

slave has to be fed, clothed and housed. He is to be well-treated, given free medical care when ill, and is entitled to domestic rights under Islamic law.

A badly treated slave may complain to the courts. If his complaint is held valid, the owner is given two months to mend his ways. At the end of that time the case is re-examined and the master, unless he has reformed, may be compelled to sell his slave.

These regulations cannot conceal the basic inhumanity of the evil of slavery as it still lingers on in Arabia. What can be done to hasten its termination? The Saudi Arabian government obstinately continues to refuse to furnish the U.N. with information, regarding the matter as one of "domestic jurisdiction."

For well over a century the governments of Britain and India, which exercised sovereignty or supervision over the minor sheikdoms of the Persian Gulf, kept the traffic in slaves into Saudi Arabia at a minimum. But the pressure of British military and naval obligations in numerous other parts of the world has led to a decrease of vigilance.

This is not, however, the main cause of the continuation of slavery in Saudi Arabia.

The Saudi Arabian royal house has at its annual disposal upwards of $359,000,000 in oil royalties, derived from the exploitation of the country's vast reservoir of petroleum. These funds can be used in any way King Saud and his family decide.

King Saud has built sumptuous new palaces with magnificent gardens filled with imported trees and plants and flowers. The gardeners are slaves. He has brought in a great fleet of air-conditioned limousines. The chauffeurs are slaves. He holds enormous banquets at which delicacies flown in from the U.S. in refrigerator planes are served to his guests. The chefs and waiters are slaves.

As long as the Saudi royal house itself owns slaves, they will be in demand, and supplies are likely to be forthcoming from Africa or Baluchistan, as well as from the unruly neighboring sheikdoms of the Persian Gulf.

## Short Takes

A USED-CAR DEALER after viewing a tear-jerker at a drive-in theater: "There wasn't a dry windshield in the whole place." —HERB CAEN

ONE YOUNG THING to another: "He's so deceitful—last night he pretended to believe me, when he knew all the time I was lying." —*Tit-Bits*

A LOS ANGELES HIGH SCHOOL TEACHER received this note from a parent: "Please excuse my son from his Spanish class. His throat is so sore he can hardly speak English." —*Victorian*

# The Town Shakespeare Built

### by BARRY HYAMS

Stratford was stagnating until a persistent reporter's dream became a reality

STRATFORD, ONTARIO, faced a bleak prospect in 1951. On the surface, everything seemed serene in this drowsy little city of 18,785, some 95 miles southwest of Toronto. Daily it went to work at the Canadian National Railway's steam locomotive repair shops and the furniture and textile factories. In the evening it strolled in Queen's Park, where the River Avon flows, banked with giant willows and rolling lawns. It admired the swans floating regally on Lake Victoria, and the bust of the Bard that contemplates the Shakespeare Gardens.

The sculpture and arboretum, a replica of the one in Britain, had long been Stratford's claim to fame. Once, several citizens had even proposed that the town hire actors to make up like William Shakespeare and his characters and walk about in the Park to lure tourists, but nothing came of it.

Over the years, Stratford's young people had been drifting away to more enterprising centers of opportunity; and now, the advent of the diesel engine threatened to make steam locomotives obsolete and deprive the city of its major occupation.

What Stratford needed desperately was new industry. Actually, it already had it in the making—in its setting and in the visionary stubbornness of a slight, balding, bespectacled and deceptively diffident young man named Harry Tom Patterson.

Tom Patterson was 15 years old in 1935 when, lolling on the grassy banks of the Avon, he mused on the coincidence of name and aspect of his and Shakespeare's native cities. Everything was here in Stratford: the name, river, swans, gardens, statue—everything, in fact, except an acting company to perform Shakespeare's immortal plays.

Wouldn't it be wonderful, he thought, to have a festival like the ones in Europe.

Tom graduated from high school, served five years overseas, took his baccalaureate at Trinity College, and met and married Robin Hoyle, who assisted her minister father in running a children's camp.

Tom became an antique-shop owner, a mail clerk and finally a reporter on a Toronto monthly magazine. By that time, a festival for Stratford had become his obsession. But whenever he mentioned the idea, people laughed at him.

In May, 1951, Tom broached his dreamed-of festival to Dave Simpson, then mayor of Stratford. To his amazement, Simpson lent an interested ear. For the mayor was clutching at anything that might boost business.

The following January, the city council met in extraordinary session and Tom was allotted ten minutes to present his "scheme." Advised by sympathizers to "talk sense not culture," he described the benefits to be derived from his new "industry," and with disarming mildness stated that he wanted to manage the venture.

The council gambled $125 on a trip to New York for Tom so that he could investigate the soundness of the plan.

Persistence finally led him to Dora Mavor Moore, Toronto's dowager of the theater. There was no doubt in her mind that the Festival was a big idea, one that required a big man to bring it off. That man, of course, was Tyrone Guthrie, erstwhile director of the Old Vic, Sadler's Wells and the Edinburgh Festival.

Tom reached for the telephone and told the operator, "Please get me Mr. Tyrone Guthrie in Annagh-ma-Kerrig, Doohat Newbliss, County Monaghan, Eire."

He asked Guthrie to spend two weeks in Canada to study the feasibility of the Shakespeare Festival. Guthrie accepted and promptly packed.

Once arrived, the six-foot-four Briton became the five-foot-seven Canadian's tower of strength. Guthrie and Patterson barnstormed Rotarian and Lions Clubs, civic groups and ladies' committees, spreading the gospel of the Festival.

Then Guthrie departed for England and Tom Patterson, financed by 20 private citizens each contributing $100, followed on a "shopping trip" for executive talent. He returned with contracts signed by Guthrie, designer Tanya Moiseiwitsch, Cecil Clark, former production manager for the Old Vic, and actor Alec Guinness.

"Tom asked me," said the star later, "and he looked so innocent and helpless, I couldn't refuse him."

Until now, the city council had

expended a total of $500. It later set aside $5,000 to underwrite Guthrie's expenses in recruiting a Canadian acting company, and administration costs.

In January, 1953, a campaign for $150,000 was launched and Oliver Gaffney's construction company was contracted to provide a concrete base and a tiered amphitheater under a tent to seat 1,900 people around a Shakespearean stage designed by Miss Moiseiwitsch. Stratford alone responded with $40,000, more than had ever been raised for any cause.

Mr. Gaffney was advanced $18,000 to excavate the site on the Avon's bank and pour the concrete. He spent the advance and sent bills for more. He received no answer, but he did not slow up the work.

A canvas tent had been ordered from Chicago. Guthrie had contracted his cast. Miss Moiseiwitsch had finished fashioning the production. Alec Guinness was westbound on the high seas.

Then, on a Thursday at May's end, the Festival committee met with mournful faces and an exhausted bank account. A motion was made to postpone the Festival. No one had the heart to debate or to take action. The proposal was tabled until Monday. For, according to the grapevine, someone had promised $50,000 and another person pledged $10,000 if the plan went forward.

But on Sunday, Committee Chairman Harry Showalter telephoned Tom, "The bubble has burst; there is no $60,000."

Outside theater-tent, (*l. to r.*) Tom Patterson, Festival founder, actor James Mason and director Tyrone Guthrie.

Patterson foraged about desperately and a major miracle materialized: an anonymous contribution of $25,000 came from a local firm, and another for $10,000.

Next day, the committee met. Their problem: it would cost $90,000 to proceed; to cancel and pay off commitments would cost $85,000. The motion to postpone the Festival was defeated.

Everybody settled down to work. Stratford wives employed their dressmaking talents in the costume department. Jones, father and son, who ran a cabinet and woodworking shop which formerly made violins, undertook to fashion the swords for the battle scenes of "Richard III."

Stratford Sheet Metal Works

turned from stove pipes and heating appliances to shields. Royal chapeaux came from a hat shop in town and 15th-century footwear from the handmade lasts of a Stratford shoemaker.

Then, after six weeks of rehearsal, cannon and clarion sounded and on July 13, 1953, "Richard III," starring Alec Guinness, opened the Stratford Shakespeare Festival.

During seven weeks, 68,000 people attended; the following year, 125,000. The Royal Canadian Air Force saluted the opening of the second season with a flying formation over the tent. From the United States came a gift of two black swans, which were launched on Lake Victoria with civil ceremony.

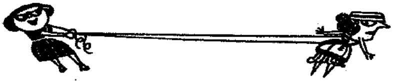
In three summers, during 25 performance weeks, the Festival presented six works by Shakespeare and one by Sophocles to 319,655 ticket buyers, for a total box-office take of $1,019,000. By this August 18, when the current fourth Festival ends, the attendance is expected to have reached another 125,000 and the receipts another $450,000.

And what has its new "industry" done for Stratford? It was reckoned that during the 1956 Festival the city entertained 100,000 visitors, each of whom left $100 in local tills, along with countless nickels in the parking meters. In 1951, Stratford's taxable income was $17,000,000; for 1953 it was $21,000,000.

Where formerly tree buds and swallows signaled spring's return to Stratford, now the signs are the seasonal preparations for the Festival. Carpenters partition large bedrooms in two, painters and paper hangers decorate them, furniture shops do a brisk business in beds and bedding, plumbers install new bathrooms. For even the best homes open to receive tourists.

Stratford's proudest exhibit, today, is Tom Patterson. As one resident put it: "The Festival is Tom." In February, he was voted "Man of the Year" by Stratford's Junior Chamber of Commerce.

Yes, Stratford is a changed town. As Robert Reid, a local barrister, describes it: "When somebody used to ask me where I came from, I'd say, 'Stratford, about 100 miles from Toronto.' Now I answer, 'Stratford,' and look them straight in the eye."

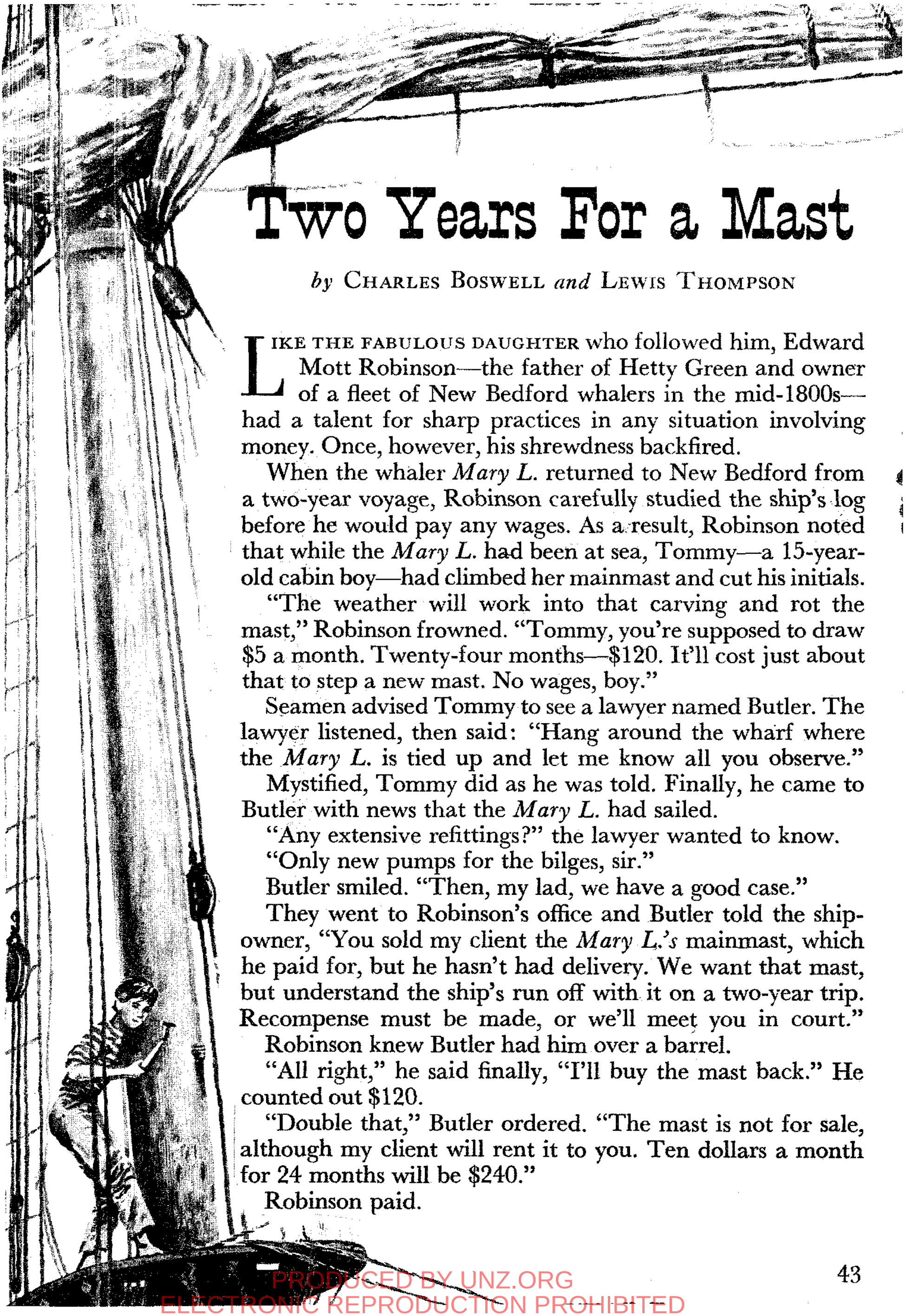


## Fitting and Proper

A MIDDLE-AGED MATRON was being fitted for a new girdle. "Is Madam quite comfortable?" asked the saleswoman. She was. "Can Madam breathe deeply with ease?" She could. "Does Madam feel she could wear this garment all day without discomfort?" She did.

"In that case," said the fitter, "Madam obviously needs a smaller size."

*—United Mine Workers Journal*



# Two Years For a Mast

## *by* Charles Boswell *and* Lewis Thompson

Like the fabulous daughter who followed him, Edward Mott Robinson—the father of Hetty Green and owner of a fleet of New Bedford whalers in the mid-1800s—had a talent for sharp practices in any situation involving money. Once, however, his shrewdness backfired.

When the whaler *Mary L.* returned to New Bedford from a two-year voyage, Robinson carefully studied the ship's log before he would pay any wages. As a result, Robinson noted that while the *Mary L.* had been at sea, Tommy—a 15-year-old cabin boy—had climbed her mainmast and cut his initials.

"The weather will work into that carving and rot the mast," Robinson frowned. "Tommy, you're supposed to draw $5 a month. Twenty-four months—$120. It'll cost just about that to step a new mast. No wages, boy."

Seamen advised Tommy to see a lawyer named Butler. The lawyer listened, then said: "Hang around the wharf where the *Mary L.* is tied up and let me know all you observe."

Mystified, Tommy did as he was told. Finally, he came to Butler with news that the *Mary L.* had sailed.

"Any extensive refittings?" the lawyer wanted to know.

"Only new pumps for the bilges, sir."

Butler smiled. "Then, my lad, we have a good case."

They went to Robinson's office and Butler told the shipowner, "You sold my client the *Mary L.'s* mainmast, which he paid for, but he hasn't had delivery. We want that mast, but understand the ship's run off with it on a two-year trip. Recompense must be made, or we'll meet you in court."

Robinson knew Butler had him over a barrel.

"All right," he said finally, "I'll buy the mast back." He counted out $120.

"Double that," Butler ordered. "The mast is not for sale, although my client will rent it to you. Ten dollars a month for 24 months will be $240."

Robinson paid.

# The Foreign Accent in Starlets

*by* MARK NICHOLS

EACH COUNTRY has its own brand of movie queen. The U. S. has its Marilyn Monroe; France, Martine Carol; Italy, Gina Lollobrigida. Nevertheless, Hollywood, anxious to add a fresh and foreign flavor to its films, keeps a sharp eye on European starlets. Constantly searching for a new Garbo, U.S. producers recently signed Cornell Borchers (Germany), Irene Papas (Greece) and Machiko Kyo (Japan) to picture deals.

On these pages, Coronet spotlights ten young actresses who seem destined for stardom. Endowed with photogenic faces and curvaceous figures, their names—like Sophia Loren's—are known to many people who have never seen them act. But as Hollywood cameras increasingly focus on foreign locales, it is more than likely these girls will soon be intriguing U. S. audiences.

One of the brightest candidates is Brigitte Bardot (*right*), whose pert and petulant features have been likened to a Pekingese. This 22-year-old French dancer—who worked at the same ballet bar with Leslie Caron—has parlayed a saucy pout into a bustling movie career. Three of her pictures—*Helen of Troy* (made in Italy), *Act of Love* (France) and *Doctor at Sea* (England)—enhanced her reputation here.

Brigitte is married to a journalist, who says: "She likes Mozart, mambos, money and mice." Resembling a young Simone Simon, Brigitte Bardot, after five years in pictures, feels she's acquired the polish and poise needed for leading roles in comedy or drama.

## BRIGITTE BARDOT—France

# VALERIE FRENCH—Britain

A NEWSPAPER PHOTOGRAPH — taken at a London movie premiere — launched Valerie French, 25, on the road to Hollywood. "I got to be so well-known attending other people's pictures," she recalls, "that I was offered a part in an Italian movie, *Maddalena.*"

Returning to London in a revue, Valerie drew praise for her satire of Italian movie queens ("In torn black lingerie and my hair in cowlicks and tendrils, I had that rather grubby look, and peered at everybody maddily-sexily.")

Her humor and vibrant personality won her parts in a British movie, an American TV film—and an MGM screen test. Columbia saw it and signed her to a contract. Soon she was working in two westerns, *Jubal* ("I play a sexy wench") and *Secret of Treasure Mountain* ("I'm nice and pure and wear two *hideous* dresses.")

Slated by Columbia for "class—with sex" roles, this 5′4″, green-eyed pixie collects dozens of hats, loves buttermilk (unavailable in Britain) and cottage cheese with apple sauce.

# ILSE PETERSEN—Italy

ITALIAN MOVIE-MAKERS prefer starlets who have been generously endowed by nature. But Italy's baked-in-the-sun beauties are not necessarily home-grown. American, Swedish and French would-be actresses have found the road to Rome can be a short cut to Hollywood.

Red-haired Ilse Petersen, 22, is the daughter of a Swedish diplomat who married a Chinese woman. Ilse's figure and puckish grin were rewarded last year with a part in *The Peddlers,* with top Italian star Aldo Fabrizi.

Cutting corners by using outdoor locations, Italian companies dispense with drama and singing coaches, make-up men who re-shape faces, and costume designers with unlimited budgets. To make good, a girl like Ilse needs a buxom figure and a mobile face which can register frank sensuality and explosive emotion. The voice is often dubbed.

# YANA—Britain

HOPING TO ACHIEVE the same measure of success as Hildegarde, Jeanmaire and Annabella, a striking blonde—born Pamela Guard—has chosen the single name Yana as her cinematic trademark.

Yana, it seems, is what she's been called "ever since I can remember," although she can't recall exactly why. Until two years ago, she was a highly successful model in London. Then, in a night club's amateur night, her rich mezzo-soprano voice won Yana, 21, a singing contract.

Singing lessons ("to learn how to save the voice"), theater revues, and her own TV show followed. Yana warbles in two filmed-abroad Columbia pictures, *Cockleshell Heroes* and *Zarak Khan.*

A vegetarian and coffee-addict, this frank-speaking Britisher claims, "I'm a natural exhibitionist"—but stage fright still plagues her. Yana collects animals and toys. Her credo: "You've got to be yourself, always; then you have nothing to live up to, nothing to fall down from."

# LILIANE MONTEVECCHI—France

ROLAND PETIT'S Ballet de Paris centered attention on Leslie Caron, who achieved U. S. fame in *An American in Paris* and *Lili.* When MGM cast Caron as Cinderella in *The Glass Slipper,* she asked for Petit as choreographer. He arrived with his troupe, including saucer-eyed Liliane Montevecchi.

Producer John Houseman, bemused by her impish features, spotted her in the commissary and signed her to play a gypsy dancer in *Moonfleet.* A contract followed.

This petite Parisienne, daughter of an Italian painter and a French hat designer, has danced since she was 12. Her third movie role was in the Frankie and Johnny ballet in *Meet Me in Las Vegas.* At 24, she gets her juiciest part—as well as co-star billing—in *The Living Idol.*

# ANNA KASHFI—India

FROM DARJEELING, India, comes dark-eyed Anna Kashfi to add a touch of the exotic to celluloid romance.

Paramount, which had been seeking a Hindu girl for a role opposite Spencer Tracy in *The Mountain,* first discovered this 19-year-old actress living in London.

When exterior shooting had been completed in the French Alps, the company returned to Hollywood to finish the picture. There an MGM talent scout saw Miss Kashfi and signed her to a long-term contract. Soon afterwards, Universal-International borrowed her to play a Korean welfare worker in *Battle Hymn* opposite Rock Hudson.

Anna's father is a civil engineer and, although she was born in Calcutta, she has lived most of her life in Darjeeling. She overrode parental objection to study mime and dance, the foundation of Indian acting technique. Three years ago she made two films for a native producer.

Anna speaks English fluently, having been educated by private tutors. She favors European clothes, but studios naturally prefer that she wear only saris. Her hobbies: painting, reading and mountain climbing—of the not-too-heroic variety. "While I'm in America," she says, "I want to try the Rocky Mountains."

# DANIELE DELORME—France

DELICATE-FEATURED Daniele Delorme can be likened to America's Julie Harris. But her first ambition was to become a concert pianist; and by 13, her keyboard dexterity was winning some recognition.

World War II and the Occupation dispersed her family. In Cannes, Daniele worked with the Resistance and nurtured a yen to play comedy.

Later, in Paris, she applied herself seriously to acting. In 1945, Daniele married Daniel Gelin, one of France's top actors and they often work together. She scored her first big movie triumph as the demure heroine in *Gigi*. Now 30, Daniele alternates between Paris theater and movie-making and keeping a watchful eye on her 10-year-old son, Xaviar.

# ETCHIKA CHOUREAU—France

IN PARIS, they call Etchika Choureau the Cinderella of the French cinema because she has the smallest feet of any actress. But this alert, hard-working girl shows no confusion about the direction she has set those tiny feet: straight toward ultimate stardom.

All the suffering endured in Europe during World War II seems to be etched in Etchika Choureau's sad and expressive face. Like a young Bergman, she conveys a vital quality to her slightest gesture.

Etchika borrowed her name from her native town in Corsica, the French island off the west coast of Italy, where Napoleon was born. Three years ago, she won an award given annually to the most promising young French actress. And at 22 she is already a veteran of over a dozen films and French television.

Red-haired, green-eyed Etchika tried beauty culture and bee-raising before enrolling in a drama school in Paris. Film offers came unexpectedly from Italy, Germany and France.

On her apartment balcony, Etchika raises giant chrysanthemums which bear her name today. She hopes one day to satisfy a long-cherished ambition: to appear before a live audience on the stage.

# GIULIETTA MASINA—Italy

American audiences will meet Giulietta Masina when *La Strada* (*The Road*) is released in the U. S. this summer. Playing a wistful waif who works as clown in a ragged strongman's act, she displays a gift for pantomime that has been compared to Chaplin's. Her co-stars: Anthony Quinn and Richard Basehart.

Italian audiences have applauded her versatile emotional range three times with a major award, the Silver Ribbon. Success came slowly, however, through Rome's theater and radio. She met her husband, Federico Fellini (director of *La Strada*) on a weekly radio show. Somewhat reminiscent of Bette Davis, Giulietta is endowed with more talent than beauty ("I'm not one of those actresses who act with their chests.")

# ELSA MARTINELLI—Italy

HOT LOVE in a cold mountain stream was Elsa Martinelli's first Hollywood job—in *The Indian Fighter* with Kirk Douglas. Portraying an Indian maiden was no problem to this 21-year-old ex-model; she is used to changing her face to meet photographic demands.

In the past five years, Elsa has hurtled, rather than run, into the money brackets. Her modeling career began at 16 in Rome, when her tall, lithe figure caught the eye of a couturier. Paris photographers beckoned, and soon her pictures in high-fashion magazines were traveling around the world.

One brought an offer from a New York agent. Anxious to see America, Elsa arrived here with $20 cash and a return ticket to Rome. But her first day in New York netted her $200 in modeling fees. She stayed.

Six months later, when Kirk Douglas called to ask her to test for *Indian Fighter,* the busy brunette refused to believe it was he. "Sing me the song from *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea,*" she insisted. *He* passed the test—and later, so did Elsa.

She signed a contract with Douglas' independent company (at $700 a week), returned to Italy to make two pictures, and recently finished her second U.S. movie, *Four Bright Girls,* on loan to Universal-International.

Elsa is one of nine children, stands 5′7″ and weighs 123 pounds. She studied ballet as a child, still loves to dance and listen to jazz.

# the Anatomy of a Sneeze

In a split second your eyes close, air passages shut—then you explode 85 *million* bacteria at 200 miles per hour!

by MADELYN WOOD

WHEN a 13-year-old Virginia girl started sneezing, her parents thought it was merely a cold. But when the sneezes continued for hours, they called in a doctor. Nearly two months later the girl was still sneezing, thousands of times a day, and her case had attracted world-wide attention.

Hundreds of suggestions, ranging from "put a clothespin on her nose" to "have her stand on her head," poured in. But nothing did any good. Finally, she was taken to Johns Hopkins Hospital where Dr. Leo Kanner, one of the world's top authorities on sneezing, solved the baffling problem with miraculous speed.

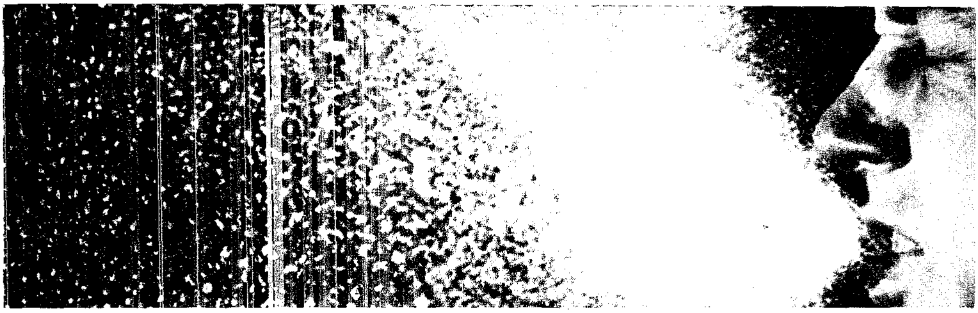
He used neither drugs nor surgery for, curiously enough, the clue for the treatment was found in an ancient superstition about the amazing bodily reaction we call the sneeze. It was all in her mind, he said, a view which Aristotle, some 3,000 years earlier, would have agreed with heartily.

Dr. Kanner simply gave a modern psychiatric interpretation to the ancient belief that an excessive amount of sneezing was an indication that the spirit was troubled; and he proceeded to treat the girl accordingly.

"Less than two days in a hospital room, a plan for better scholastic and vocational adjustment, and reassurance about her unwarranted fear of tuberculosis quickly changed her from a sneezer to an ex-sneezer," he reported.

Sneezing has always been a subject of wonder, awe and puzzlement. Dr. Kanner has collected literally thousands of superstitions concerning it. The most universal one is the custom of invoking the blessing of the Deity when a person sneezes—a practice Dr. Kanner traces back to the ancient belief that a sneeze was an indication the sneezer was possessed of an evil spirit. Strangely, people the world over still continue the custom with the traditional, "God bless you," or its equivalent.

When physiologists look at the sneeze, they see a remarkable mechanism which, without any conscious help from you, takes on a job that has to be done. When you need to sneeze you sneeze, this being nature's ingenious way of expelling an irritating object from the nose. The object may be a speck of dust, a dash of pollen or a growth of microbes in the nose which nature is striving to



remove from the nasal membranes.

A study of the process reveals that the irritation sets up a series of reactions with incredible swiftness. At the instant of irritation, the tongue moves against the soft palate and the air pressure, built up, unable to escape through the mouth, blasts its way out through the nose. A sneeze is thus quite literally an explosion of air.

To find out just how a sneeze works, Professor Marshall Jennison and Dr. H. E. Edgerton at Massachusetts Institute of Technology were forced to set up a special technique for high-speed photography. For they found that, to get the pictures they wanted, they had to use exposures of up to 1/100,000ths of a second. Only with such speeds could they photograph the actual particles being hurled from the mouth and nasal passages.

Psychologists are convinced that many abnormally prolonged attacks of sneezing are traceable to emotional difficulties. However, people who habitually sneeze more than once—the two or three times in a row pattern is quite common—don't need to rush to a psychiatrist.

Geneticists have turned up the odd fact that the number of times you commonly sneeze in succession may be inherited. They have traced the pattern through three generations in one family, and report that even babies a few weeks old sneeze according to family pattern.

The MIT sneeze detectives found that the violent explosiveness of a sneeze can project up to 4,600 particles into the air at "muzzle velocities" of 152 feet a second. Some particles were expelled at even greater speeds—perhaps as high as 300 feet a second. The velocity is often sufficient to hurl heavier particles a distance of 12 feet.

The moisture sheath around an expelled particle evaporates, leaving a tiny nucleus which remains floating in the air. English researchers have found as many as 4,000 such particles floating there half an hour after the occurrence of the sneeze which precipitated them.

These particles are not simply harmless drops of water or inert matter. Investigators found that out by setting up, opposite a sneezer, a vertical plate coated with a culture medium favorable to the development of bacteria. By a count of bacteria growing on the plate, a single droplet has been found to create 19,000 colonies of bacteria. Thus a single sneeze can distribute more than 85,000,000 bacteria. No wonder medicine is convinced that the sneeze plays a major role in the spread of disease.

Historically, it is known that the excessive amount of sneezing involved in the influenza epidemic of 1918 helped make it the horror that it was. The Great Plague of the Middle Ages, which wiped out whole populations overnight, was helped in its spread the same way. Bubonic plague-infected fleas, carried by rats, bit people whose lungs became infected with the pneumonic form of the disease. Then these people sneezed, spreading the plague with shocking swiftness.

Medical men say there should be a change in the way we cover a sneeze. Put your hand over your mouth, for instance, and what happens? Some of the particles, as shown by the high-speed photographs, shoot out beyond the hand, or are deflected upward to be left floating in the air. A handkerchief or tissue works far more effectively, if you have time to get one out and in place before you sneeze.

But, with or without handkerchief, the advice of an official publication of the AMA is: "When you feel a sneeze coming on, turn your head and sneeze downwards." Some authorities contend that, if we bent not only the head but the whole body in a deep bow, much of the harm done by sneezes could be avoided.

The explanation is revealed by those tell-tale photographs. The particles expelled by the sneeze are hurled toward the floor, to which they adhere, and never get a chance to become airborne and thus inhaled by others.

Sneezing in this scientific way may not provide a cure, but it could be an important weapon in medicine's battle against the common cold.

## Ads That Add

A LOS ANGELES, California print shop bulletin board carried this: "Sports Car for Sale. Ask for Russ, the guy with the cramped legs."

—MATT WEINSTOCK, *Los Angeles Mirror-News*

IN BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, a milk company advertised: "Our Cows Are Not Contented. They're Always Striving To Do Better."

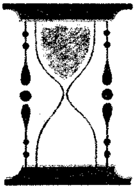
A STORE for tall women advertises: "We Carry Everything For Tall Gals Except Tall Men."

—DAVID DEUTSCH

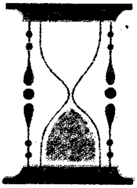
IN IOWA, a village shop advertised: "We Repair Do-It-Yourself Work."

FROM A *New York Herald Tribune* ad for a Connecticut resort: "Honeymoon Heaven—try a weekend first . . ."

—*A. M. A. Journal*



# My Wondrous Odyssey



THE gentleman on the left peering over his spectacles is Ogden Nash, America's most popular poet-humorist. Only yesterday, it seemed, he was a bachelor. Today he's a grandfather. Still astonished by it all, Mr. Nash sums up his very special feeling in a poem written for Coronet, "Preface to the Past." Beginning below and continuing on the following pages, its stanzas introduce his own favorite verses which best mark the mileposts on this often bewildering odyssey.

## Preface to the Past

*Time all of a sudden tightens the tether,*
*And the outspread years are drawn together.*
*How confusing the beams from memory's lamp are;*
*One day a bachelor, the next a Grampa.*

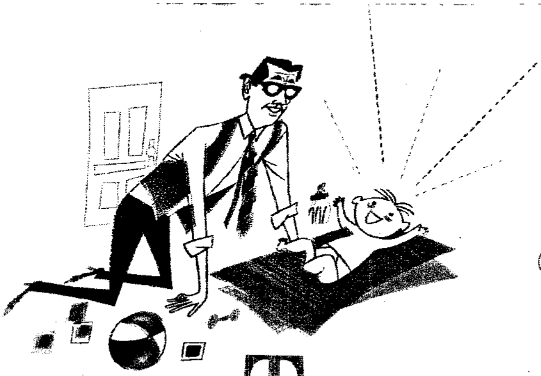
All poems copyright © 1930, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936, 1947, 1948, 1949, 1951, 1954, 1956 by Ogden Nash

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTONIO G. STATHIS

*I was sauntering along, my business minding,*
*When suddenly struck by affection blinding,*
*Which led to my being a parent nervous*
*Before they invented the diaper service . . .*

## Did Someone Say "Babies"?

Everybody who has a baby thinks everybody who hasn't a baby ought to have a baby,
Which accounts for the success of such plays as the Irish Rose of Abie,
The idea apparently being that just by being fruitful
You are doing something beautiful,
Which if it is true
Means that the common housefly is several million times more beautiful than me or you.
Men and women everywhere would have a lot more chance of acquiring recreation and fame and financial independence
If they didn't have to spend most of their time and money tending and supporting two or three unattractive descendants.
To arms, Mr. President! Call out the army, the navy, the marines, the militia, the cadets and the middies.
Down with the kiddies!



# First Child

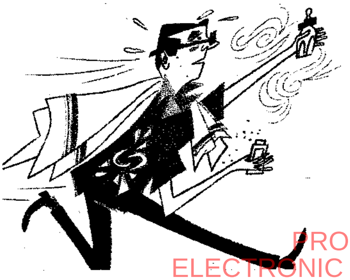
This child is a marvel, a matchless wonder.
A staggering child, a child astounding,
Dazzling, diaperless, dumbfounding,
Stupendous, miraculous, unsurpassed,
A child to stagger and flabbergast,
Bright as a button, sharp as a thorn,
And the only perfect one ever born.

# Reflection on Babies

A bit of talcum
Is always walcum.

# Pediatric Reflection

Many an infant
    that screams like a calliope
Could be soothed by
    a little attention to its diope.



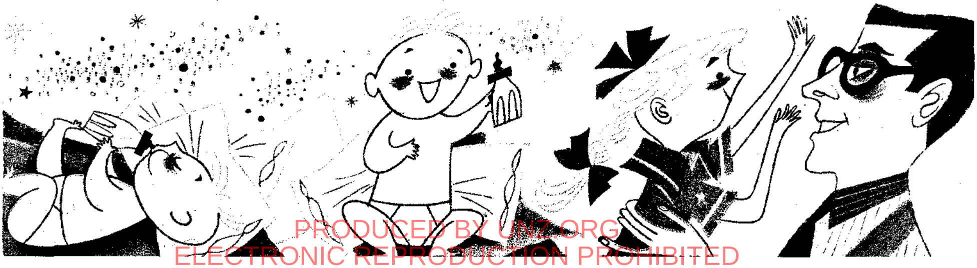
*I found myself in a novel pose,*
*Counting infant fingers and toes.*

# Our Child Doesn't Know Anything,
# or, Thank Heaven!

Good heavens, I can think of no catastrophe more immense
Than a baby with sense,
How then do they manage to enthuse themselves,
And amuse themselves?
Well, partly they sleep,
And mostly they weep,
And the rest of the time they relax
On their backs,
And eat, by regime specifically, but by nature omnivorously,
And vocalize vocivorously.
So whatever may come,
I am glad that babies are dumb.
I shudder to think what for entertainment they would do
Were they as bright as me or you.

# In Which the Poet Is Ashamed but Pleased

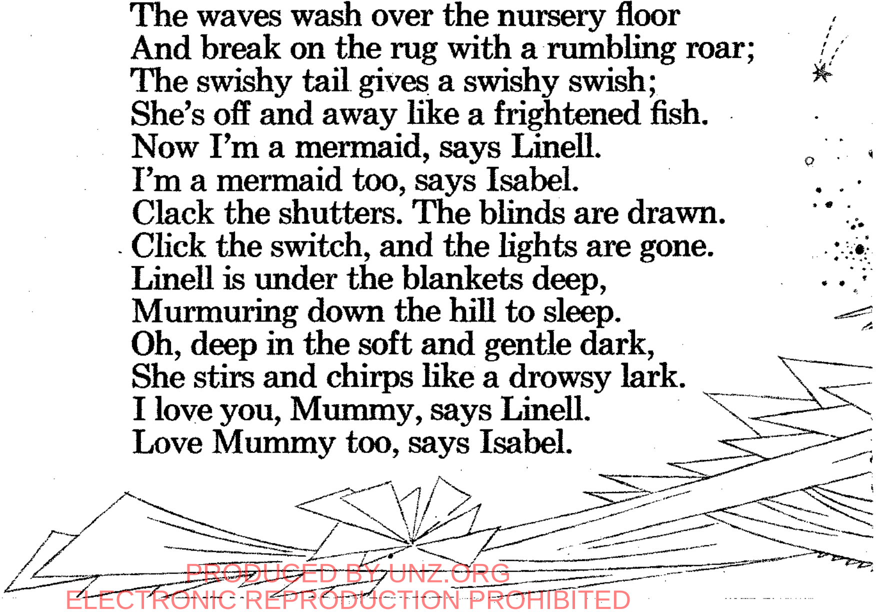
Of all the things that I would rather,
It is to be my daughter's father,
While she, with innocence divine,
Is quite contented to be mine.
I'm conscious that in praising her,
I'm speaking as a connoisseur.
While she, poor dear, has never known
A father other than her own.
Within her head no notion stirs
That some are better men than hers;
That some are cleverer, some are braver,
Than the one that fortune gave her.
What fortune set us side by side,
Her scope so narrow, mine so wide?
We owe to this sweet dispensation
Our mutual appreciation.



*I tried to be wise as Diogenes*
*In the rearing of my two little progenies . . .*

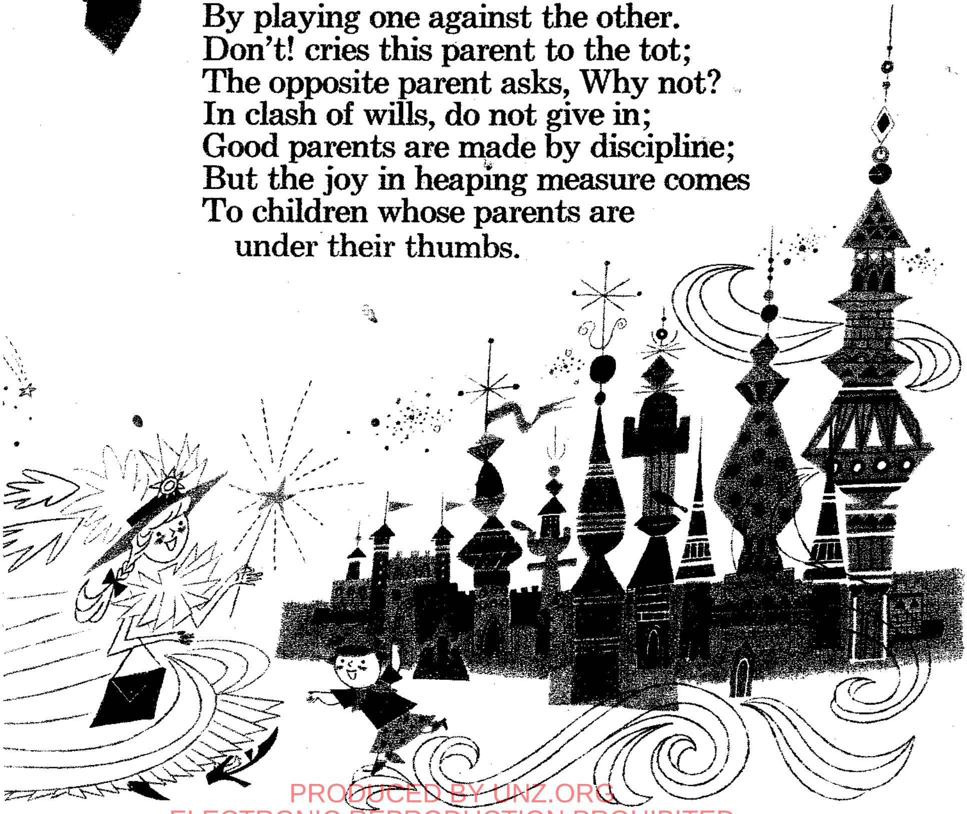
# Rainy Day

Linell is clad in a gown of green,
She walks in state like a fairy queen.
Her train is tucked in a winsome bunch
Directly behind her royal lunch.
With a dignified skip and haughty hop
Her golden slippers go clippety-clop.
I think I'm Ozma, says Linell.
I'm Ozma too, says Isabel.
Linell has discovered a filmy veil;
The very thing for a swishy tail.
The waves wash over the nursery floor
And break on the rug with a rumbling roar;
The swishy tail gives a swishy swish;
She's off and away like a frightened fish.
Now I'm a mermaid, says Linell.
I'm a mermaid too, says Isabel.
Clack the shutters. The blinds are drawn.
Click the switch, and the lights are gone.
Linell is under the blankets deep,
Murmuring down the hill to sleep.
Oh, deep in the soft and gentle dark,
She stirs and chirps like a drowsy lark.
I love you, Mummy, says Linell.
Love Mummy too, says Isabel.



# A Child's Guide to Parents

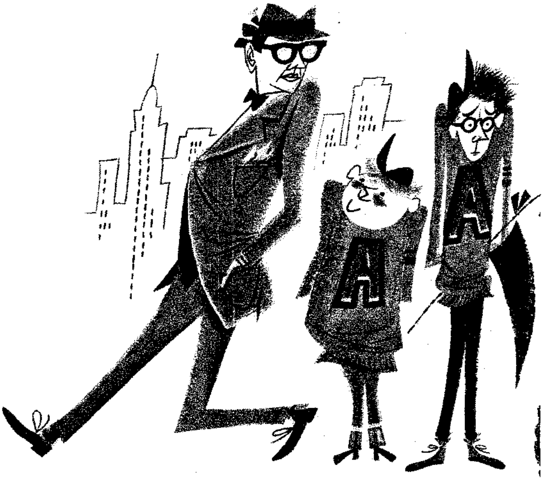
Children, I crave your kind forbearance;
Our topic for today is Parents.
The wise child handles father and mother
By playing one against the other.
Don't! cries this parent to the tot;
The opposite parent asks, Why not?
In clash of wills, do not give in;
Good parents are made by discipline;
But the joy in heaping measure comes
To children whose parents are
under their thumbs.



*But just as I hit upon wisdom's essence*
*They changed from infants to adolescents.*

# Song to Be Sung by the Father of Infant

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky;
Contrariwise, my blood runs cold
When little boys go by.
For little boys as little boys,
No special hate I carry,
But now and then they grow to men,
And when they do, they marry.
I never see an infant (male),
A-sleeping in the sun,
Without I turn a trifle pale
And think Is *he* the one?
Oh, first he'll want to crop his curls,
And then he'll want a pony,
And then he'll think of pretty girls
And holy matrimony.
Oh, somewhere he bubbles bubbles of milk,
And quietly sucks his thumbs.
His cheeks are roses painted on silk,
And his teeth are tucked in his gums.
But alas, the teeth will begin to grow,

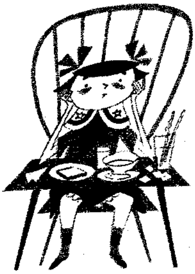


# Female Children

And the bubbles will cease to bubble;
Given a score of years or so,
The roses will turn to stubble.
He'll sell a bond, or he'll write a book,
And his eyes will get that acquisitive look,
And raging and ravenous for the kill,
He'll boldly ask for the hand of Jill.
This infant whose middle
Is diapered still
Will want to marry
My daughter Jill.
O, sweet be his slumber and moist his middle!
My dreams, I fear, are infanticiddle.
A fig for embryo Lohengrins!
I'll open all of his safety pins,
I'll pepper his powder, and salt his bottle,
And give him readings from Aristotle.
Sand for his spinach I'll gladly bring,
And Tabasco sauce for his teething ring,
Then perhaps he'll struggle through fire and water
To marry somebody else's daughter.

*I stood my ground, being fairly sure*
*That one of these days they must mature . . .*

## Lines to Be Embroidered on a Bib



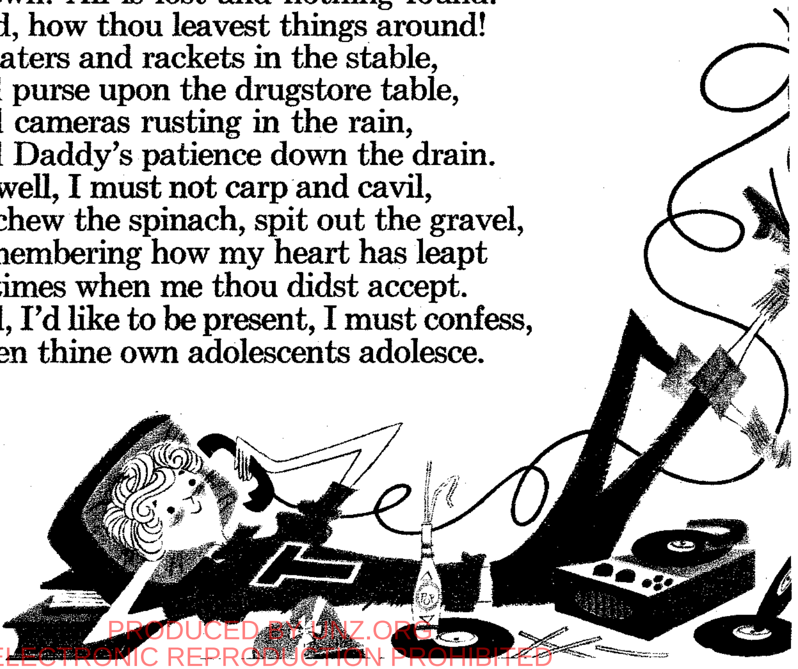
So Thomas Edison
Never drank his medicine;
So Blackstone and Hoyle
Refused cod-liver oil;
So Sir Thomas Malory
Never heard of a calory;
So spinach was too spinachy
For Leonardo da Vinaci;
Well, it's all immaterial,
So eat your nice cereal,
And if you want to name your own ration,
First go get a reputation.

## September Morn

Oh, what in the world could be more fun
Than to have your holiday over and done;
You juggle golf bags and tennis rackets,
And ludicrous bulging paper packets,
You count your paraphernalia twice
From the children themselves to their milk and ice.
Farewell, farewell to the sand and foam,
You are getting yourself and your family home.
Oh, I think there is no such capital fun
But having your teeth out one by one.

# Tarkington, Thou Shouldst Be Living in This Hour

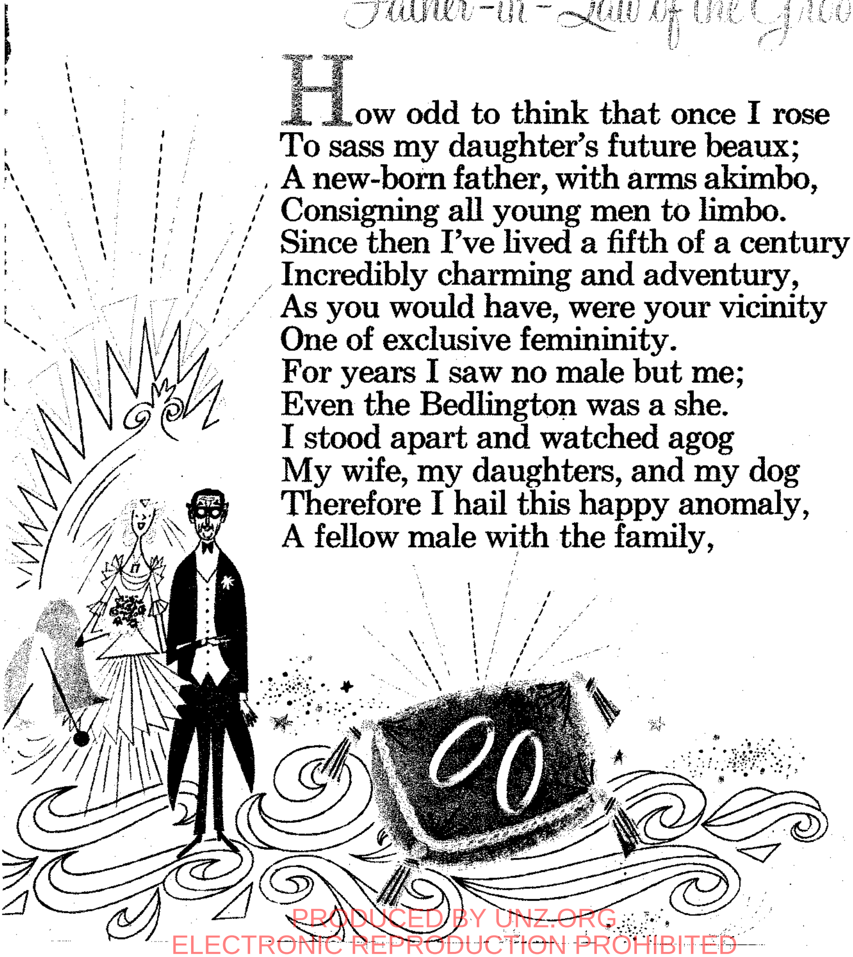
O Adolescence, O Adolescence,
I wince before thine incandescence.
Thy constitution young and hearty
Is too much for this aged party.
Not milk, but cola, is thy potion;
Thou wearest earrings in the ocean,
Blue jeans at dinner, or maybe shorts,
And lipstick on the tennis courts.
Forever thou whisperest, two by two,
Of who is madly in love with who.
And blanchest to find the beach at noon
With sacred midnight secrets strewn.
Strewn! All is lost and nothing found.
Lord, how thou leavest things around!
Sweaters and rackets in the stable,
And purse upon the drugstore table,
And cameras rusting in the rain,
And Daddy's patience down the drain.
Ah well, I must not carp and cavil,
I'll chew the spinach, spit out the gravel,
Remembering how my heart has leapt
At times when me thou didst accept.
Still, I'd like to be present, I must confess,
When thine own adolescents adolesce.

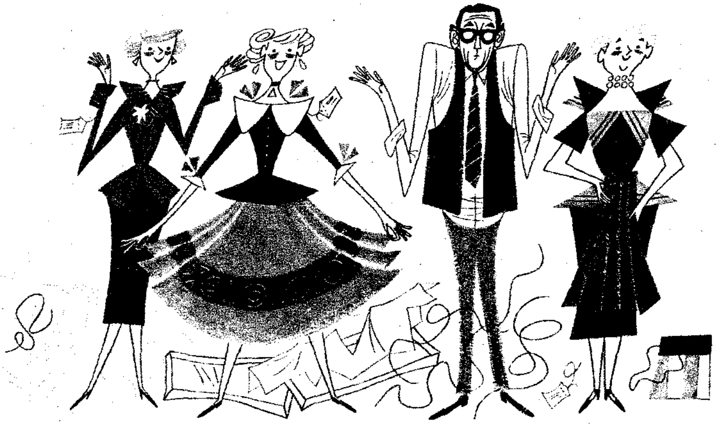


*So, when I was properly humbled and harried,*
*They did mature, and immediately married.*

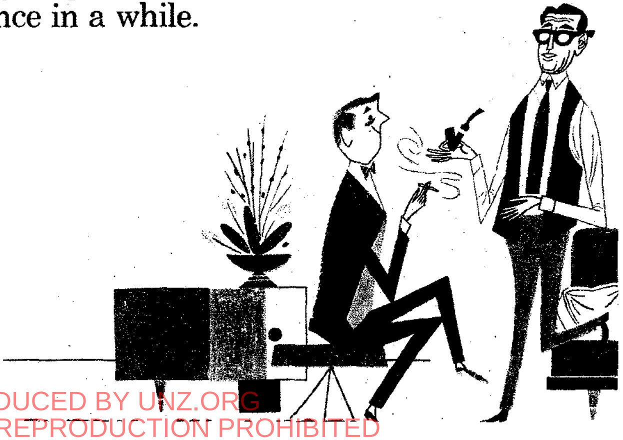
## Father-in-Law of the Groom

How odd to think that once I rose
To sass my daughter's future beaux;
A new-born father, with arms akimbo,
Consigning all young men to limbo.
Since then I've lived a fifth of a century
Incredibly charming and adventury,
As you would have, were your vicinity
One of exclusive femininity.
For years I saw no male but me;
Even the Bedlington was a she.
I stood apart and watched agog
My wife, my daughters, and my dog
Therefore I hail this happy anomaly,
A fellow male with the family,





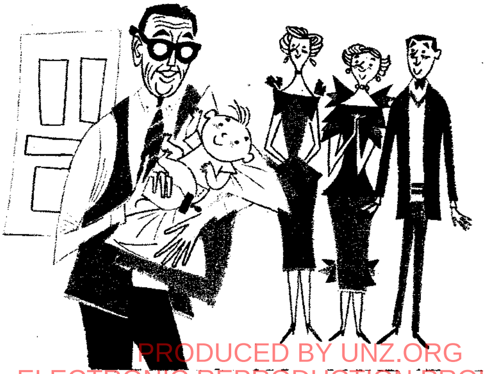
And cause a daughter's wrath to bloom
By monopolizing of her groom.
Oh, let the girls get on with the trousseau,
Here's a Friday at last for Crusoe,
To chew the fat and exchange the dope with,
And a simple masculine mind to cope with.
Linell, though I can't read you clearly
You know I love you long and dearly.
You know I wish you barrel on barrel
Of joy and health and fine apparel,
And clinking, corpulent piggy banks,
And please to accept my heartfelt thanks
For bringing me, my angel chile,
A man to talk to once in a while.



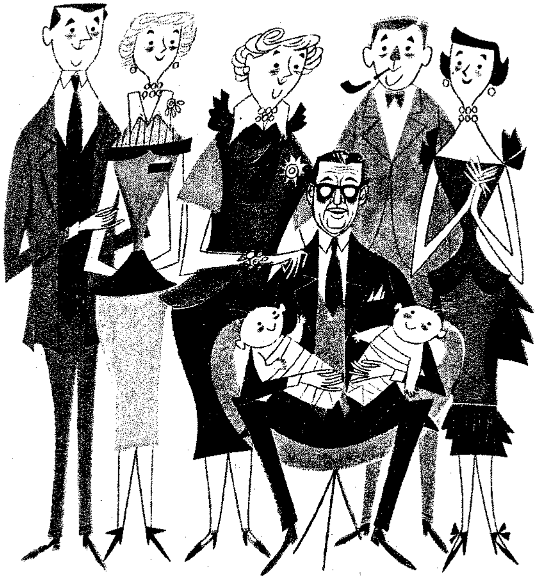
*Now I'm counting, the cycle being complete,*
*The toes on my childrens' childrens' feet.*

## Come on in, the Senility is Fine

People live forever in Jacksonville and St. Petersburg and Tampa,
But you don't have to live forever to become a grampa.
The entrance requirements for grampahood are comparatively mild;
You only have to live until your child has a child.
From that point on you start looking both ways over your shoulder,
Because sometimes you feel thirty years younger and sometimes thirty years older.



Now you begin to realize who it was
that reached the height of imbecility;
It was whoever said that grandparents have
all the fun and none of the responsibility.
I can think of no one but a mooncalf or a gaby
Who would trust its own child to raise a baby,
So you have to personally superintend your
grandchild from diapers to pants and
from bottle to spoon,
Because you know that your own child hasn't sense
enough to come in out of a typhoon.
You don't have to live forever to become a grampa,
but if you do want to live forever,
Don't try to be clever;
If you wish to reach the end of the trail with
an uncut throat,
Don't go around saying Quote I don't mind
being a grampa but I hate
being married to a granma Unquote.



*Here lies my past, goodbye I have kissed it;*
*Thank you, kids, I wouldn't have missed it.*

Ogden Nash

*Why can people perform superhuman acts under hypnotism? What strange things occur in mind and body? Here, explained, is . . .*

# What *Really* Happens When You Are Hypnotized

*by* Lester David

All America, these days, is terrifically excited over the new miracles being performed by hypnotism in the fields of medicine, dentistry and psychiatry.

Remarkable indeed are its accomplishments (though many of them have been known and practiced for years). Yet even more amazing is what happens in the body during the hypnotic state, and why.

Hypnotism, for many decades an outcast science, is one of the most truly awesome phenomena known to man. Put briefly, it is the ability of one individual to place another in a kind of trance during which the subject is incapable of doing anything except under the direction of the hypnotist.

Amazing things can happen while a subject is under the spell—and afterward — things which scientists have only now come to understand.

Under hypnosis, any part of the body can be anesthetized. Teeth have been extracted, babies delivered and even limbs amputated, the sole anesthetic used being the voice of the doctor-hypnotist saying: "You will feel no pain."

Even more intriguing is the phenomenon of "post-hypnotic suggestion," where the hypnotist plants a thought in a subject's subconscious mind which is not put into effect until after the trance is ended.

One of the most astounding powers of hypnotism is "age regression," used by doctors to bring about a speedier cure for amnesia and other emotional ills. In the trance state, subjects seem to recover their childhood selves under suggestion of the hypnotist, reliving their past, recalling events long since forgotten. Bernard Wolfe and Raymond Rosenthal in their study, "Hypnotism Comes of Age," say: "The present itself and the whole period in between are blotted out. The patient now lives only in terms of the habits and thoughts of that period of his life which he is re-experiencing."

WHAT, ACTUALLY, is hypnotism? What happens to the subject's mind, his body? How is the hypnotist able to get such amazing reactions? How does science explain the mysterious phenomenon?

To begin with, hypnotism is certainly not new. The Egyptians used it as early as 3000 B.C., although it did not come to world attention until the 18th century when a Viennese physician, Franz Anton Mesmer, created an international furor with what he termed "animal magnetism." Thousands flocked to his "magnetic seances" to benefit from his miraculous healing power. He set up lavish offices in Paris; and performed before the court of Marie Antoinette. His work stirred up so much controversy that the French government investigated his claims and declared him a quack.

The Mesmer affair toppled "hypnotism" — as it later came to be called — into disrepute; but the technique was still used. Doctors kept reporting its fantastic accomplishments. One surgeon told of performing hundreds of operations, including amputations, using nothing but hypnotic anesthesia. Another told of relieving excruciating headaches and curing the mentally ill.

Such reports brought hypnotism new stature. Finally it came to the attention of Sigmund Freud. He explored its possibilities, then abruptly turned his back on it. The disapproval of so eminent a man was a crushing blow; and more than half a century elapsed before hypnotism was rediscovered as a medical aid.

Even today, science does not pretend to know all the answers about hypnotism. Nevertheless, researchers have learned that a complex and subtle psychological change takes place within the hypnotized subject.

Wolfe and Rosenthal, in their study of the science, explain that all of us, in our waking moments, maintain our personalities and egos through our five senses. In the hypnotic trance, however, the wall between the ego and the outer world becomes dim and fragile, and after a while it completely dissolves.

"At this point," explain Wolfe and Rosenthal, "the almost magical transformation takes place! Like a sponge sopping up water, the subject's diffused and amorphous personality absorbs and incorporates the personality of the hypnotist as a part of himself. So, when he hears the hypnotist telling him what to do, he imagines that it is his own voice issuing commands . . ."

Thus the widely held notion that a hypnotist has a subject "in his power" is not true at all. The "power" is in the mind of the subject. "The hypnotist," one expert

***Though no flashy cure-all, hypnotism emerges as one more weapon in the fight against disease.***

states, "simply induces you to concentrate and limit your attention to what he wants to do."

This explains, at least in part, why hypnotized individuals are able to perform unusual physical acts they cannot do while awake. For example, a favorite trick of a stage hypnotist is to "order" a subject to become board-like in stiffness. The performer thereupon places his head on one chair, his feet on another and invites audience members to stand on the subject's rigid abdomen.

The explanation is that all of us have much greater mental capacity and physical strength than we think. The woman who sees her child teetering at the edge of a deep pool runs to his side, and runs faster than she ever thought she could. The victim of an attacker exhibits "superhuman" strength to beat him off and get away. And under hypnosis, a subject is told to tense his muscles and he does so to the point of cataleptic rigidity.

The point is that *hypnotism* does not make the body rigid, because the act of hypnosis does not change the composition of the human body. The subject makes *himself* rigid because it is in his own power to do so. Hypnotism represents the power of suggestion which enables him to release the strength he actually does possess.

This amazing power of suggestion explains quite a few things that happen under hypnosis. The heart, for example, can be speeded up or slowed down by suggestions which affect the emotions. A hypnotized person is told he is in the Arctic and he shivers with cold. He is told he is walking through a steaming jungle and he perspires. He is given water to drink, told it is gin, and he proceeds to act intoxicated.

How does hypnotic anesthesia work? This is a puzzler. One explanation is advanced by Leslie M. LeCron and Jean Bordeaux in their book "Hypnotism Today." The body's nervous system, they point out, carries messages to the brain by means of an intricate network of nerves and impulses. Thus we feel pain. The hypnotist comes along and "throws a switch to shut off the current."

In effect, LeCron and Bordeaux assert, he creates a short circuit. Thus the message of pain never reaches the brain, and it doesn't hurt where he suggests it won't. In the same way, the hypnotist can block out the messages of the other senses—touch, taste, smell and sight.

How about the hypnotized person's uncanny ability to recall events long ago forgotten? In some mysterious way the conscious mind, which dictates what you will recall and what you won't, is temporarily shunted aside and the subconscious mind, with all its miraculous abilities, takes over.

The subconscious mind is a vast storehouse believed by many to contain memories of everything that happened to a human being—every experience he has had, all the facts he has learned, all the words he has ever heard uttered. The subconscious mind has absorbed it all and filed it away.

Under the guidance of a skilled psychiatrist, it can be made to disgorge the things it has been accumulating since infancy. In the case of an amnesia victim, the subconscious mind has all the facts and tells them. Awake, he can't recall anything because his conscious mind has blocked out memory.

Children between 5 and 15 can be more easily hypnotized than adults, but it has been estimated that only about seven per cent of persons between 55 and 65 can be placed in the trance state. Nobody can be hypnotized unless his conscious or unconscious mind is perfectly willing.

THERE ARE FOUR different methods used by hypnotists to produce this trance state. In general, they are based on creating an atmosphere of complete relaxation. A widely used one is to seat the subject in a comfortable chair or have him lie on a couch. Then the hypnotist talks quietly, soothingly, suggesting that the subject is becoming more and more sleepy and his eyes are growing heavier and heavier. Before long, a receptive person's eyes will close and he will be off in a hypnotic trance.

Sometimes, subjects are told to gaze fixedly at a light or shiny object held just above the level of the eyes. Professor W. R. Wells, according to Wolfe and Rosenthal, holds up a pen or eraser and tells his subjects to gaze at it steadily, with eyeballs turned up, thinking of nothing else.

A few minutes later, subjects are told: "Close your eyes as tightly as possible, but keep your eyeballs turned up as if you were still looking at the object." After a few minutes of this, Wells counts to seven—at seven, he says, "You won't be able to open your eyes." For receptive persons, the hypnotic state will follow.

A good deal of scientific controversy centers around the question of whether a hypnotized subject would perform an act which he knows is wrong and which he would shrink from doing while awake.

At an eastern college, for example, a coed in a graduate course was hypnotized in front of a class and then instructed to remove her clothing. The girl's face became contorted, perspiration broke out on her forehead and suddenly she snapped from her trance and ran sobbing from the room.

On the other hand, experiments have shown that hypnotized persons may perform a wrongful act that is actually in conflict with their personality.

Is there a possibility that the hypnotist would not be able to waken his subject? This just cannot happen, doctors say. Because hypnotism is based on cooperation, and once that foundation is destroyed, the trance state is snapped. Should the hypnotist leave—or even die before bringing his subject back—awakening would be automatic in a very short time.

Are there any dangers involved in hypnotism? *There are, real ones.* Lay practitioners can do irreparable harm by their ability to produce hypnotic effects which they neither understand nor know how to use. In the hands of a parlor entertainer, hypnotism can result in serious mental disorders to emotionally unstable persons, for he can produce states of acute anxiety.

An amateur may forget to remove a post-hypnotic suggestion. Once, a subject was told he wouldn't be able to see a door. He bumped into it several times, to the delight of the company. Then, when the fun was over, he still didn't see it. Someone opened it and he fell down a flight of steps, breaking both legs.

Dr. James A. Brussel, writing in a publication of the American Medical Association, cites the case of a woman who suffered agonizing chest pains. She went to an amateur hypnotist who had set himself up as a "professor."

The treatments made the woman a good deal more comfortable, and she didn't learn until it was too late that the pains were caused by cancer which might have been caught in time had she gone to a doctor.

Obviously, then, hypnotism should only be practiced as a therapy by a qualified medical specialist. Obviously, too, it must not be regarded as a cure-all, but as another potent type of treatment in the continuing battle against pain and disease.

Take away the hocus-pocus, wipe off the theatrical grease paint, and hypnosis emerges at long last as a major boon to humanity.

## Expensive Practice

IN 1933, when the depression was at its worst, editor Arthur Brisbane wrote a stirring editorial calling for adjustment of contracts entered into before 1929, when business was booming.

It so happened that Brisbane owned considerable real estate and one of his tenants, who had signed a long term lease in 1929 at a whopping rent, agreed wholeheartedly with this point of view.

The following day, the tenant sent him a copy of the editorial, and asked for a 10 per cent reduction in rent. By return mail, he received a letter from the editor, okaying the reduction.

"This will show you that I practice what I preach," wrote Brisbane. Then he added, "In the future, however, please be like my other readers. Disagree with me."

—E. E. EDGAR

A MINISTER married a wealthy couple and after the ceremony, instead of the customary payment, was presented with a pair of yellow kid gloves. He accepted them graciously and upon returning home tucked them away in a drawer. Years later, rummaging about, he came upon the gloves. Absent-mindedly, he tried one on—and discovered a $10 bill neatly folded in each finger!

—*Keever Komments*

# the 14 words that make all the difference

*by* LEONARD A. STEVENS

**Learn the breakdown of these 14 basic words, says an expert, and you will hold the master key to a supervocabulary of 100,000 words**

YOUR SUCCESS in business, trade, profession—even in love and marriage—may depend on the number of words you know. New research has found that there's a definite correlation between success and a good vocabulary.

The more words you know, the more likely you are to understand what you hear or read. Also, when you speak or write you have a better chance of being understood.

When a member of the Florida Board of Health gave 100 pregnant women a simple vocabulary test, the results were frightening.

One woman didn't even know what the word *pregnancy* meant. Several thought that *maternity* only referred to the clothes pregnant women wear. Such misunderstanding, or lack, of words in a mother's vocabulary could easily lead to trouble that might affect her own and her child's health.

The building of a good vocabulary has generally been accomplished by painstakingly memorizing the meanings of one word after another. But there is a better and easier way.

Most English word meanings are formed by a comparatively few syllables repeated again and again throughout the language. And some ten years ago, Dr. James I. Brown of the University of Minnesota, a leading authority on vocabulary, set out to discover which of these syllables were most important in the teaching of vocabulary.

He broke down every word in *Webster's Collegiate Dictionary* and tabulated the prefixes (the first syllables of words) and roots (the syllables containing the basic meanings) in the order of their importance. The most important are found in what he calls the *14 Master Words,* in the center column of the chart on page 81.

If used as directed for as little as 15 minutes a day for two weeks, this

|  | PREFIX | ITS OTHER SPELLINGS | ITS MEANING | MASTER WORDS | ROOT | ITS OTHER SPELLINGS | ITS MEANING |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | DE- | — | Down or Away | **DETAIN** | TAIN | Ten, Tin | To Have or Hold |
| 2. | INTER- | — | Between | **INTERMITTENT** | MITT | Miss, Mis, Mit | To Send |
| 3. | PRE- | — | Before | **PRECEPT** | CEPT | Cap, Capt, Ceiv, Ceit, Cip | To Take or Seize |
| 4. | OB- | Oc- Of- Op- | To, Toward, Against | **OFFER** | FER | Lat, Lay | To Bear or Carry |
| 5. | IN- | Il- Im- Ir- | *Into* | **INSIST** | SIST | Sta | To Stand, *Endure or* Persist |
| 6. | MONO- | — | One or *Alone* | **MONOGRAPH** | GRAPH | — | To Write |
| 7. | EPI- | — | Over, Upon or Beside | **EPILOGUE** | LOG | Ology | Speech or Science |
| 8. | AD- | A- Ac- Ag- Al- An- Ap- Ar- As- At- | To or Towards | **ASPECT** | SPECT | Spec, Spi, Spy | To Look |
| 9. | UN- | — | Not | **UNCOMPLICATED** | PLIC | Play Plex, Ploy, Ply, | To Fold, Bend, Twist or Interweave |
|  | COM- | Co- Col- Con- Cor- | With or Together |  |  |  |  |
| 10. | NON- | — | Not | **NONEXTENDED** | TEND | Tens, Tent | To Stretch |
|  | EX- | E- Ef- | Out or Formerly |  |  |  |  |
| 11. | RE- | — | Back or Again | **REPRODUCTION** | DUCT | Duc, Duit, Duk | To Lead, Make, *Shape or* Fashion |
|  | PRO- | — | Forward or In Favor of |  |  |  |  |
| 12. | IN- | Il- Im- Ir- | Not | **INDISPOSED** | POS | Pound, Pon, Post | To Put or Place |
|  | DIS- | Di- Dif- | Apart From |  |  |  |  |
| 13. | OVER- | — | Above | **OVERSUFFICIENT** | FIC | Fac, Fact, Fash Feat, | To Make or Do |
|  | SUB- | Suc- Suf- Sug- Sup- Sur- Sus- | Under |  |  |  |  |
| 14. | MIS- | — | Wrong or Wrongly | **MISTRANSCRIBE** | SCRIBE | Scrip, Scriv | To Write |
|  | TRANS- | Tra- Tran- | Across or Beyond |  |  |  |  |

chart can serve as a key for reasoning out the meaning of an estimated 100,000 words.

The chart breaks the *14 Master Words* apart, with the prefixes printed on the left and the roots on the right. Each prefix and root has its own meaning.

Learn the prefixes and roots, how they are used and how to recognize them as they appear in different words. Work with one word at a time.

Here are the steps to take with each word:

1. Look it up in a dictionary. When you know the correct definition, jot down the word in a sentence. For example, with the first word you might write: "I will *detain* the man."

2. Now notice how the meanings of the prefix and root have been combined to make the total meaning of the word. In *detain, de* means "down," and *tain* means "to hold." If you *detain* a man, you literally "hold" him "down."

3. Look up all the other words in the dictionary beginning with the same prefix and notice how its meaning has been applied.

4. Several prefixes have different spellings. Look through the dictionary for words beginning with these spellings and notice how the overall meaning has been applied.

5. Now turn your attention to the root. See what other words you can think of or find in the dictionary using it. Notice how the root's meaning applies to the words' total meanings.

For example, take the third word's root, *cept*. Right away you may think of *accept*. To *accept* something is to "take" something.

Now try the different spellings of the root. *Cap,* for instance, is found in *capable*. A *capable* leader "takes" leadership.

6. After a few days, try constructing words by applying different prefixes to different roots. For example, take the second prefix, *inter*. Add it to the fourth root, *fer*. You will see how *interfere* was born.

Use these six steps, working your way a day at a time down the list. As you progress, the exercises become harder. The last few words, for example, have two prefixes each. Also, the prefix *in* appears twice with two different meanings. The correct meaning, however, becomes obvious when you notice how a word with the prefix *in* is used in a sentence.

If you want a dramatic example of how often the prefixes and roots appear, take a printed page and find all the prefixes and roots from the chart that you can. Underline them in red. If you do a good job, you will literally change the page's color.

## Honor Bright

A LETTER to a teen-age counseling column read: "I am only 19, and I stayed out until two o'clock the other night. My mother objects. Did I do wrong?"

The answer was: "Try to remember." —*A. M. A. Journal*

# The Medical Gumshoes Who Save Lives

*by* Harold Mehling

**G-men of disease, they trail germs, ferret out bacterial culprits and thwart epidemics**

Fear hung like a time bomb over Trinidad, Colorado, not long ago. Every minute heightened the danger to the normally placid town. Dread typhoid fever had struck 12 persons. No one knew where it had come from, or where it might strike next.

For the special Epidemic Intelligence Service investigator who flew into Trinidad that day, time was the critical factor. He had to find the source of the insidious typhoid germs before they could spread further.

Situations like this were not new to this medical detective. His organization, the Government's Epidemic Intelligence Service, was set up for just such emergencies. During its five years of existence, the EIS's corps of disease detectives has nipped scores of epidemic threats, sometimes so quietly that they have gone unnoticed by the public.

Well aware that typhoid fever is always dangerous and elusive, epidemiologist Dr. Harold Nitowsky listened carefully as he was briefed on the Trinidad outbreak. The symptoms were classic. The victims had felt weak, headachy, feverish. Their fever had risen until they had to be hospitalized.

Dr. Nitowsky went to work on this "whodunit" in real life in the same way a criminal detective would operate. First he questioned each patient in detail and at length.

"Have you eaten anything unusual lately? Where have you visited? Have you taken any trips? Exactly when did you start feeling ill?"

The questioning continued until the epidemiologist had gathered a mass of information. But all of it seemed to lead nowhere.

When he began to analyze the 12 victims' answers, however, Dr. Nitowsky's methods departed from those of the criminologist. Where the latter would be seeking contradictory testimony, the medical detective looked for some fact or incident that would link each of the 12 to the others.

Eventually, when such a fact did emerge, it was a most peculiar one—all the stricken persons were Lutherans!

Seizing on this odd clue, Dr. Nitowsky soon had his explanation: all had attended a church supper a short time before they became ill.

Now he reconstructed the crime. Back he went to the patients and questioned each again.

"What dishes did you eat? Which did you pass up? Did you have salad? Dessert?"

After putting the same questions to those who had attended the supper without becoming ill, Dr. Nitowsky knew who had eaten what entree, who had had seconds on which vegetable, and who had turned up his nose at the chocolate souffle. Matching his lists, he quickly narrowed the suspect foods to a devil's food cake, a carrot salad and a macaroni salad.

Everyone who had handled food at the supper was then called in. The missing piece fell into place when laboratory tests showed that the woman who had prepared the carrot salad was a typhoid carrier, although, as usual, she was unaware of her condition.

She was barred from further handling of food and can no longer be an unknowing disease threat. Trinidad breathed easier.

Sudden epidemics touched off in mysterious ways, and spreading like fire in high wind, have always been one of our most frightening enemies. Modern medicine has made it easier to control them, but they must still be found before they can be halted.

To ASSIST the state health departments in ferreting out these enemies, the U.S. Public Health Service set up the EIS in 1951 as a segment of the Epidemiology branch. (Both the Epidemiology branch and the EIS are a part of the Government's Communicable Disease Center.) As head of the Epidemiology Branch, veteran epidemiologist Dr. Alexander D. Langmuir directs the movements of his highly mobile detectives from headquarters in Atlanta, Georgia.

Most of his staff of doctors, nurses, biologists and veterinarians are based at different places around the country, working on regular assignments. In emergencies they form teams and go where needed. They have already responded to over 1,000 calls for epidemic and special case investigations, many times on grab-the-next-plane notice.

One of their most frightening assignments happened during the Korean War when nine malaria cases broke out at Nevada City, California. Two epidemiologists hurried in at the request of state health officials. Malaria has virtually been eradicated in this country, and consequently some doctors might not immediately recognize its symptoms. That made a full-scale investigation imperative.

On their arrival, entomologist Roy Fritz and veteran nurse Albina Bozym learned that the nine stricken persons were among 1,500 Camp Fire Girls who had been hiking, cooking and sleeping in the open at a nearby camp. The girls had camped out in the pine woods over a holiday weekend, but had broken camp and scattered to their homes before the first signs of the malarial infections had actually appeared.

The investigators' first job was to find out whether the infection had been transmitted at the encampment, so the other girls' families could be warned to consult their family physicians. Early detection could save many of them much misery; in some cases, it might save lives.

ROCK 'N' ROLL HILLBILLY

The newest rage among teen-agers is a frantic rock 'n' roll hillbilly singer named Elvis Presley. Read his amazing success story In September Coronet

Working with the state health department, Fritz and Nurse Bozym checked out clue after clue as they examined records in local doctors' offices, studied chill-tonic sales records in drugstores, talked to scores of people.

"Those pine woods are thick with mosquitoes," one man told them. "Sometimes they're so bad, campers can't get a night's sleep."

Fritz and Nurse Bozym dropped their records, picked up mosquito traps and rushed to the camping area where they bagged thousands of the buzzing insects. Many, they discovered after laboratory examination, were of the type that can transmit disease.

The search was narrowing, but one oddity still baffled them: there were no other malaria cases among residents of the entire lake area. Taking all precautions, telegrams were flashed to the homes of all 1,500 girls, alerting their parents to the possible danger.

While Roy Fritz puzzled over this, a chance conversation with a property owner at the lake revealed that a Korean veteran had camped out there over the Fourth of July.

A short time later, the medical detectives tracked down the young Marine's records and discovered that he had contracted malaria in Korea and had been discharged just a few weeks earlier from a hospital 100 miles away. The epidemiologists then discovered that when he had spent the holiday weekend at the camp site near Nevada City, malaria had come back to him, with chills and fever. When the Marine awoke, he was covered with mosquitoes and badly bitten.

The picture was clear. Mosquitoes had attacked the unfortunate Marine during his acute relapse and then spread the malarial infection to the girls.

Then, with their work over, entomologist Fritz and Nurse Bozym flew out to await the next call.

Operatives of the EIS, despite the drama of their work, modestly insist that the first line of defense of the nation's health lies with the doctors and health authorities of our states, cities and towns. The EIS's job, Dr. Langmuir explains, is to assist them in emergencies.

When children are involved, the disease detectives work with extra speed, since the intimate contact of youngsters can be a fast spreader of infections. Such a case confronted EIS agents in Tennessee, where 400 children attended a summer camp that broke up when 100 of them came down with infectious hepatitis, or jaundice.

At the camp site, a community drinking cup was suspected. But the medical detectives, along with state health department officials, also trained suspicious eyes on a spring that provided the camp's water.

They stopped at three cabins in the camp and dropped colored dye into the sewer lines of each one.

The evidence soon arrived. The spring fairly sparkled with the dye, confirming their suspicion that faulty piping in the sewer line from one of the three cabins was polluting the water. They were then able to discover which one it was.

The plumbing was immediately revamped and the camp site made safe again. And another saga in the thrilling record of medical detection was ended.

## Money Matters

AN 80-YEAR-OLD GENTLEMAN was discussing his will with a successful young lawyer. He wanted all his possessions to go to his wife as long as she remained a widow. In the event she remarried, the property was to revert to the children.

The lawyer, discovering, that the wife was then 79, gently suggested that the limiting clause was hardly necessary.

"No," said the old man decisively, "there's no telling what young fellers like you will do for money!" —*Capper's Weekly*

DEAR SIR:
We're upset—
And wondering about that account of $58.96.
Gosh! We're so upset
We've written this upside down!
Hurry your check along and We'll hasten our reply with a
letter of thanks, right side up!

Very truly yours,
E. J. Manz

—MARY ANN FREY

DEAR MR. BROWN:

In re: THE ALMIGHTY $

There i$ a little matter that ONE of our cu$tomer$ ha$ $eemingly forgotten entirely. $ome make u$ many promi$e$ but do not keep them.

To u$ it i$ an important matter—it'$ nece$$ary in our bu$ine$$. We are very mode$t and don't like to $peak about $uch remi$$ne$$. NUF $ED!

Very Truly your$,
The Mantle Lamp Co.

—MARY ANN FREY

A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

# TRICKY TRIOS

CHARADES using celebrities whose first and last names are connectable can be a cerebral challenge, claims Quizmaster Jack Carson, star of his own CBS Radio show (Monday through Friday, 8-8:30 P.M., EDST). In the groups below, chain these cohorts together carefully. For instance: *single tax economist; Secretary of the Treasury; film tough guy*—HENRY GEORGE; GEORGE HUMPHREY; HUMPHREY BOGART. Look before you link, Carson cautions. (Answers on page 146.)

1. Of cherry tree fame; created *Ichabod Crane;* hated to arise in A.M.
2. Introduced Lanny Budd; toured *Main Street*; Atomic Energy head.
3. Bespectacled comedian of silents; wrote *The Robe;* he *did* return.
4. Operetta composer; actor from England; Chicago store owner.
5. American traitor; told *Old Wives' Tales*; publisher, joke anthologist.
6. Poet of *Don Juan*; golfing great; scion, in Latin-American affairs.
7. China locale author; comics' early space hero; baseball immortal.
8. Steamboat inventor; radio commentator; imagined *Wonderland.*
9. Immortal pitcher; shot by Burr; viewed from *Pompey's Head.*
10. William Sydney Porter; made model-T; baseball czar.
11. *Street Scene* actress; wrote *Yellow Jack*; film and plane tycoon.
12. Interned in Korea; singer in comedy duo; followed Andy Jackson.
13. Trumpeteer bandleader; *East of Eden* star; dapper ex-statesman.
14. British field marshal; mail-order house; originated the '400.'
15. TV's *Peter Pan*; Reformation leader; foremost plant hybridizer.
16. American pragmatist; recalls names or faces; young movie actor.
17. TV's "Daddy"; third president; Confederacy head.
18. Miners' leader; Sharman's dad; silents' derring-doer.
19. Sings with Mary Ford; actor or senator; ex-Secretary of Interior.
20. 13-year-old diarist; "Bring 'Em Back Alive"; early cowboy hero.
21. New England poetess; traveler-commentator; Menlo Park inventor.
22. Georgia's senior senator; Near East expert; head, CIA.
23. At "Home" on TV; Saint, converted much of East; rhumba king.

# THE GREAT TEXAS CRASH

*by* Elwell Crissey

A WESTERING SUN slanted down upon 30,000 men, women and children scattered over the raw, heat-baked slopes of a shallow natural amphitheater in McLennan County, Texas. All day long they had been arriving, on excursion trains, in farm wagons, surreys and on horseback to witness the zaniest yet most spectacular drama in the boisterous history of early American railroading.

They were hot, dusty and tired, but all that was forgotten now as they fixed their attention on the twin ribbons of steel that crossed the amphitheater. On one rim stood a brilliantly painted locomotive and string of cars, the engine's diamond-shaped stack belching smoke. On the opposite rim, facing it some two miles away, waited a similar train.

About midway between them, beside a telegraph pole bearing the freshly painted sign — "Point Of Collision"—stood a tall man in a frock coat. He waved his sun helmet and a tense hush fell over the assemblage.

The starting signal was flashed. The locomotives answered it with blasts from their whistles and the crowd broke into a cheer as the drive wheels turned and the trains started down the grades toward each other.

It was ten minutes after five on Tuesday, September 15, 1896, and the great Missouri, Kansas & Texas collision party was under way.

The idea for the M. K. & T.'s superspectacle originated in a collision staged for publicity purposes by an Ohio railroad the previous summer. Two ancient locomotives, each hauling a few decrepit freight cars, bumped noses and cracked up several cars. It wasn't much to watch.

Among those disappointed by the poor show was young W. G. Crush of Dallas, Texas, general passenger agent for the M. K. & T., or "Katy" as the road was familiarly known. Mr. Crush believed that the lusty young Katy could stage a wreck really worth watching, and that Texas was the place to do it. He sold the idea to officials of the line and presently gaudy bill posters announcing the event appeared on Texas barns and fences.

The Katy shops put a pair of locomotives of the '80s into perfect mechanical condition. Their cabs and wheels were painted bright green, the tenders red. Cowcatcher bars were alternate green and red, boilers enameled gleaming black.

To give added weight, the cattle cars that were to make up the trains were filled with crossties, and their sides boarded over and covered with bill posters.

The spot selected for the collision was at the bottom of a shallow depression from which the track sloped upward in both directions. This increased momentum. The surrounding hills made a natural theater for the show, and officials assured everybody there was no danger.

Early on the morning of the great day, spectators began arriving from as far away as Parsons, Kansas, and Galveston on the Gulf; and before the day was over the Katy had pressed into service every passenger coach it owned.

At five o'clock, both trains coasted down to the collision point, put their pilots together and were photographed; then backed slowly up the grades to their appointed stations.

"This was the moment we had waited for," James Virgil Montrief, late mayor of Bridgeport, Texas, remembered not long ago. "I'll admit I was nervous, so I found a place near the top of a hill probably 300 yards from the track. And I can tell you, I'm mighty thankful I did.

"On every vantage point in all directions spectators stood literally on tiptoes, fascinated. Those trains sure sound dizzy nowadays, but we thought they were downright beautiful."

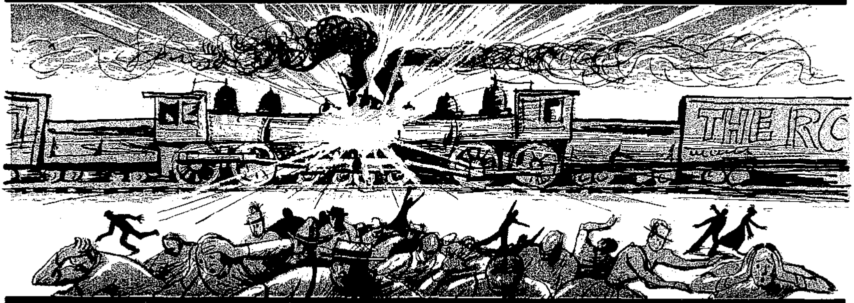
Mr. Crush waved his sun-helmet and, moments later, the show was on.

Black smoke rolling, safety valves hissing, the trains got under way. Each whistle cord had been rigged to a drive wheel, causing the whistles to shriek at every turn. In addition, torpedoes had been strapped to the rails at intervals making a ghastly uproar that rose in crescendo as the trains gathered speed.

Faster and faster they raced down the incline toward each other. The suspense an instant before the collision was almost unendurable. Many turned away, unable to bear the sight, as the two locomotives crashed head on with a jar that shook the ground. They met within ten feet of the sign—but the result was more than anybody had bargained for.

The front ends flattened out with

Smoke rolling, whistles shrieking, the trains deliberately raced



head on — to crash in the most fantastic collision in history the shock. There was the sickening sound of splintering wood and the tortured shriek of rending metal. Then, instead of upending as anticipated, the locomotives telescoped horizontally—and both boilers exploded with a monstrous roar.

Instantly, the collision point was enveloped in a cloud of scalding steam from which a deadly hail of steel fragments—some the size of postage stamps, others whole drive wheels—sprayed out over the terrified crowd.

The cap sheaf of a smokestack was blown a quarter of a mile and buried itself in the earth only 15 feet from screaming men and women struggling frantically to get out of its path. A pair of massive trucks weighing nearly a ton were lifted into the air, knocking down a telegraph pole as if it had been a weed.

A cylinder head with two feet of piston rod attached, sailing round and round, whistled directly over the photographers' stand. J. C. Dean, a Waco photographer, had his right eye destroyed by a two-inch bolt. Another hurtling bolt broke the leg of a 14-year-old boy.

Two lengths of heavy brake chain soared through the air, coiling and uncoiling like aerial serpents. One cracked the skull of 19-year-old Ernest Darnell of Bremond, who died shortly after. By some strange miracle his, and one other person who was fatally injured that day, were the only deaths attributable to the explosion.

A McLennan County farmer, watching the crash from a treetop, became so excited he fell from his perch, broke his left leg and dislocated his right hip.

All that was left of the two trains, except for each rear car, was a smoking mass of broken metal and kindling wood. "I doubt if there ever was more complete destruction in the world than of those two engines," a famous photographer from New York said later. "It did not seem to me as if a piece as big as a hat remained."

For a full minute after the explosion, the crowd stood stock still, literally stunned by the concussion. Then, with a yell, those that found themselves unhurt broke for the wreck to hunt souvenirs.

The Katy never again operated so many trains in one day. But though a huge sum was realized, heavy damages had to be paid out to the injured.

However, Mr. Crush always claimed his great collision show was a tremendous success. And the Katy is still proud of it—it made the road famous from coast to coast.

## Office Affair

A NEW YORK CITY businessman has given up all hope of getting perfect letters from his typist.

He sends the misspelled, untidy letters but evens matters with a rubber stamp he had specially made. It marks, in the lower left-hand corner: "She can't type—but she's beautiful."

—MEYER BERGER, "About New York," *The New York Times*

Our whole nation has profited from the fabulous bill inscribed ...

# To Our GIs --- with Thanks

by Martin L. Gross

When 39-year-old ex-mess sergeant Joseph Cazulo-Alvarez of Levittown, Long Island, received his bachelor's degree at the June commencement at nearby Adelphi College, he symbolized the end of what has been called "one of the noblest experiments in American history."

Of 350 graduates, Joe was the only GI of World War II still studying under the Servicemen's Readjustment Act, more affectionately known to 15,600,000 veterans as the "GI Bill of Rights." A few weeks later, on July 25, 1956, the famed educational program that brought the trench coat and baby carriage to America's colleges and vocational schools came to an end.

Joe Cazulo-Alvarez, the last ex-dogface at Adelphi, had been a staff sergeant in the Middle East until his discharge in 1946. For five years he worked as a chef at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York City, taking evening courses during two of the years. Then he decided to get a college education by studying full time. For this, the Government, according to the GI law, paid Joe's tuition and gave him $105 a month subsistence to help support his wife and pay the GI mortgage on his ranch house until he received his degree in dietetics and nutrition.

"I could never have done it without the GI Bill," Joe says appreciatively.

Since the GI Bill's inception in 1944, almost every World War II ex-serviceman has used at least one of its many benefits. Over 7,800,000, or 51 per cent, trained in schools, on the farm and on-the-job for every civilian occupation from nuclear physics to shoemaking. The Bill turned out 440,000 engineers, 63,000 doctors, 23,000 nurses, 113,000 scientists, 237,000 teachers, 42,000 machinists, 36,000 ministers — all in drastically short supply in post-war America.

More than 4,500,000 vets bought homes under the small down payment GI mortgages; 9,000,000 collected unemployment benefits from the "52-20 Club" which terminated in 1949; some 300,000 received GI business and farm loans to develop everything from cattle ranches in Florida to two kiddie shops in Washington, D. C., opened by two ex-WACs.

TIJUANA—
CAPITAL OF SIN
This gaudiest, loudest and frankest bargain-basement of sin has become a notorious playground for teen-agers and young adults seeking new thrills.
In September Coronet

For all this, Uncle Sam's tab was some $19,000,000,000. Has it been worth all that money? Has it really done the veterans and America any good?

After the Civil War, returning Union soldiers were given $100. Spanish-American War veterans, at first, got only a hopeful pat from Teddy Roosevelt. In 1932, disgruntled World War I servicemen made their bonus march on Washington only to be dispersed by the U. S. Army. Veterans, it seemed, were inexorably doomed to be the "lost" generation of the society they fought to protect.

Then on June 22, 1944, President Franklin D. Roosevelt signed the bulky Servicemen's Readjustment Act, Public Law 346, 78th Congress, with the comment: "[This] gives emphatic notice to the men and women of our armed forces that the American people do not intend to let them down."

Today, 12 years later, the record indicates that the GI Bill has been a miraculously successful social experiment without precedent—with a resounding impact on the country's very way of life. At a cost of $1,800 per veteran, it has been a veritable banker, friend, counselor, co-signer and both rich and Dutch uncle to him. It has not only helped restore him to a position he might have had without the war, but has from all evidence made Mr. Ex-GI (average age 36½) the educational, financial and professional leader of America.

He earns almost $600 a year more than the non-veteran ($3,631 vs. $3,065) according to last compiled figures in 1953, with probably a broader spread today. He is a college man (freshman) compared to the 10th grade education of the non-veteran. Courtesy of GI mortgages, the chances are better than average that he owns his own home; and he has unusually high representation in the skilled fields.

"The GI Bill might seem expensive. The training program alone cost $14,500,000,000," a Veterans Administration spokesman explains. "But just the *extra* income tax that vets who trained now pay Uncle Sam comes to over $1,000,000,000 a year. By 1968, they'll have paid the program off in full."

The first rumors of free schooling

for vets were tossed off as latrine hearsay by GIs from New Guinea to Sicily. But two weeks after D-Day, the legislation was passed unanimously and duly nicknamed "The GI Bill of Rights." The education provision guaranteed full tuition up to $500 a year plus textbooks and monthly subsistence that eventually became $75 a month for single students, $105 for married men and women, and $120 with a child.

Though the VA itself predicted that only 7 per cent would take training, over 2,200,000 vets went to college on the GI Bill. In 1948, for instance, 74 per cent of all men students and 10 per cent of the women at Columbia University were veterans. Two of every five were married.

OVERNIGHT, the American campus was transformed. Smith took in its first man in 70 years. Freshman skull caps disappeared. Hell Week at Cornell became "Help Week." Well-traveled mature veterans needled harassed professors into re-evaluating lectures they had delivered unchanged for 20 years.

The new student body was an eager, poor, hard-working group anxious to make up for lost time.

Now, with all the records in, Dean of Admissions Elwood C. Kastner of New York University, which trained more GIs (75,000) than any other college, says, "The World War II GIs were among the best and keenest students we ever had. They caused colleges to expand and because of it the schools are now better able to meet the large enrollments. What we learned from them has increased the efficiency of educational techniques in our colleges."

Probably 48 per cent of the GI students couldn't have gone to college without the Bill. And of them, two out of three were gifted students.

Floyd T. Gould came home after three years overseas with no idea of what he wanted to do. He took a menial job in a laundry, then switched to selling soap. He tried, then quit, a typing course on the GI Bill.

By 1948, disgusted, he went to the VA for free vocational counseling, a service 1,500,000 vets have used. When the tests showed he had an outstanding IQ and a natural tendency for sciences, he was enrolled in college as a GI physics student.

Now, eight years later, ex-laundryman Floyd Gould has three degrees, including a PH.D., and is an atomic physicist at the AEC's Brookhaven National Laboratory.

The vets proved to be a level-headed group: 300,000 went back and finished grade and high school, and 3,000,000 more studied trades including auto mechanics, upholstery, electronics, commercial art, etc.

Veteran Pat Anthony learned to be a lion tamer on the GI Bill. The VA raised a bureaucratic eyebrow but finally approved his application to study the "trade" at Lewis Groebel's Wild Animal Farm in California. Anthony's ten-lion act, valued at over $30,000, is now headlined by major circuses.

Actor Rod Steiger, famed for his TV role of *Marty* and of Jud in the film *Oklahoma,* learned his craft as a GI student. Rod had only one year of high school before he went into service. He fought as a combat torpedo man in the Navy, and after the war got a civil service clerk's job in Newark, New Jersey. Evenings, he did some amateur acting in the employee's dramatic group.

"Rod, you ought to study full time," the director told him one day. "You've got talent."

"On what?" Rod asked, and the director reminded him that the GI Bill covered theatrical schools.

Steiger studied at the American Theatre Wing and The Actors' Studio Inc., for four years before launching his successful career. Today he's one of the Bill's most enthusiastic rooters.

"Without it," he says, "I'd probably still be a clerk in Newark."

The GI Bill has no greater enthusiast than the ex-GI who lives in suburban comfort with his wife and two children in a $13,000 six-room ranch house—courtesy of the home loan provision of the Bill. Veterans—including a great many who couldn't otherwise afford it—have bought over 4,500,000 GI Bill homes (24 per cent of the homes built in the country), making them our largest home-owning group.

The GI Bill has been bread and butter to the home building industry, now the second largest in America, and to allied industries such as banking and building materials. In fact, one of every six people is gainfully employed either directly or indirectly by the home building business.

A little riskier, but just as rewarding, has been the GI business and farm loan program under which the Government guarantees 50 per cent of a GI's bank loan up to $4,000. So far, Uncle Sam has backed 295,000 vets an average of $3,000 each. Seven out of ten have been repaid in full to date, and only 1⅓ per cent of the money has defaulted.

The life of the GI Bill of Rights has not been idyllic by any means. The "52-20 Club," for example, came under attack as an invitation for veterans to loaf. Actually, the average ex-GI used less than one-fifth of his $20 a week benefits. The majority did look for, and find, work.

The material benefits of the GI Bill of Rights to World War II veterans have been legion—education, jobs, businesses, farms, homes—but, greatest of all, it has given added self-respect and faith in America to an entire generation.

## Truck Trouble

DURING last fall's floods, the New York City Fire Department sent a truck of gasoline to stricken Danbury, Connecticut. On the way it ran out of gas on a hill.

—*Reporter Dispatch*

WHEN A Melbourne, Australia, truck caught fire, the driver called the local fire department. The truck in question was hauling a shipment of fire extinguishers.

—*Associated Press*

# We Are Fighting the "*Curse of the Hapsburgs*"

*by* Gertrude L. Ecob
*as told to* Katharine G. Ecob

**Their son was a victim of hemophilia—his life depended on borrowed blood—and the future looked bleak until a town full of strangers volunteered to act as donors**

On Monday, when I took our two-year-old, John, out of his crib, I noticed a little blood on the pillow. I could not see where it had come from, but he looked pale. I called our family doctor. He found a small cut in the mouth but thought it would heal in a day or two.

At that moment, my baby was bleeding to death. But I did not know it.

Tuesday was an anxious day. When I found no blood on the pillow, I was jubilant. "It has stopped," I called to my husband. But later I saw blood on John's lip. So it went all day and night. No trace of blood, and then a stain. First hope, and then a chilling fear.

By Wednesday we were thoroughly alarmed but still waiting for nature to take its healing course. The child was languid and terribly white. He was playing listlessly with blocks in the kitchen while I was getting lunch, when he suddenly vomited blood all over the floor. That was my introduction to hemophilia.

At the hospital they found that a tiny artery under the tongue had been severed. Evidently John had fallen with a toy in his mouth and had been bleeding and swallowing blood for several days. The artery was tied and the bleeding checked. But too much blood had been lost, and the child began to go into convulsions. My husband, Bob, gave some blood. Four more transfusions during the night saved the baby's life. By morning, rosy color had flooded back into John's face and we were told to take him home. Laughing and lively, he seemed perfectly well and we thought his troubles were over.

But the doctors were not satisfied. Why should a small cut bleed so long? A specialist was consulted and he analyzed a sample of John's blood. The verdict was hemophilia. It was a shocking word to us, but we had no idea of all it meant.

We were given instructions on how to stop bleeding by using pressure, ice, rest and thrombin, a clotting agent. We thought we could take care of the kind of injuries a little boy is likely to have. We had yet to learn of the dangers of internal bleeding and the possibility of crippling damage to the joints.

A year passed without serious trouble, and our family was growing. Once little Peter, 18 months, found an ash tray and rolled it down the children's slide. It struck John's right eye and cut the upper lid slightly. Since it was a hard place to bandage, we again went to the hospital where a pressure bandage was applied and a transfusion given.

John is seldom sick, but is always covered with bruises. Before one fades out another appears somewhere else. Because his blood clots slowly, the bleeding under the skin from a small bump continues longer than usual and leaves a big discoloration that in others would be only a little, quickly fading spot.

When he was four, John fell and bruised his knee. We were in the country at the time and the local hospital was unfamiliar with hemophilia. To observe, to be sure of the right treatment, they waited a whole day before giving a transfusion. Several times John had narrow escapes because of such delays.

We realized early that we must not frighten John. Rather, we try to teach him how to guard against hurting himself. His father, instead of forbidding tools, shows John how to use them safely. However, we do avoid obvious dangers such as toys that break easily and leave sharp edges.

WHEN WE FIRST HEARD the diagnosis we began to study hemophilia. We learned that it is a rare hereditary disorder in which clotting is slow because the blood lacks a substance essential for normal clotting. There are three types. The most common type affects only men and is transmitted only by women. It always skips one generation and may not appear for several generations.

The disease has often been called the "Curse of the Hapsburgs," because for many generations it afflicted members of this royal family of Europe. Among the victims was the late King Alfonso XIII of Spain.

In our family the trait must have come through my mother's side, but so many of her relatives died childless that we could not trace the source. Of our three boys, only John has it. My sister has two boys and neither has it. Thus, of five little boys with similar heredity, only one is afflicted.

As with other diseases, there are

various degrees of hemophilia. John has a moderate form and would not bleed to death from a scratch. However, he will always be limited. He will never be able to go in for active sports like football. But he will be able to swim and play quiet games like golf.

In November, 1954, our worst experience began. John, then six years old, injured his right knee. It swelled to the size of a grapefruit. He was given the usual treatment—ice, transfusion, rest. There was no improvement.

So we took him to a hospital in New York where they gave more transfusions and put his leg in a cast to keep it quiet, for there is great danger that prolonged bleeding into a joint may result in permanent crippling. John improved and in February was promoted to a leather brace which he wore for two months. X rays showed the knee joint had not been injured.

But now we had a new problem. We had both given blood for the transfusions, and so had several friends. But in the course of the long treatment we had borrowed 20 pints of plasma. This had to be returned to the Hemophilia Foundation—at that time two for one.

Bob thought he could find donors at the plant where he works as an engineer. But the plant then had no facilities for taking blood. Another obstacle was that, for our kind of transfusion, blood or plasma must be fresh or fresh-frozen. The clotting element lasts only a short time.

More in desperation than in hope, I asked a few mothers at a school meeting and at the Women's Club if they would donate some blood. I did not expect many volunteers. We had lived in Garwood, New Jersey, only a year and were not well acquainted with others in the community.

The response was amazing. The President of the Parent-Teacher Association organized a drive. And soon the whole town—citizens, First Aid Squad, police—turned out to help. There were many difficulties: to find enough doctors to take the blood, to find suitable quarters, to furnish cots, to make appointments, to provide light food. Finally everything was ready and on the day selected 95 people, nearly all strangers to us, gave blood. Altogether, 150 people volunteered, but the limited facilities did not permit accepting all the offers.

It was a wonderful, heart-warming demonstration of good will. And John now has an ample credit at the Hemophilia Foundation for future use.

The experience introduced us to Garwood and we are now happy to be called on for community service. Bob acts on several committees and last year was Chairman of the United Campaign for Welfare Funds. I help all I can in church and school.

Three things we dreaded have not happened. First, there has been no crippling of joints. Second, and just as important, there has been no crippling of personality. John is gay and active.

Our third and worst fear was that a time might come when more blood would be needed than we could give ourselves, or get in time from a hospital. Thanks to Garwood and the National Hemophilia Foundation, this threat no longer hangs over our heads.

The Foundation was organized in New York City in 1948, with chapters all over the country. Each chapter keeps a supply of frozen or dried plasma available quickly when it is needed. Plasma is given or loaned according to need, not according to ability to pay.

Although much may depend on a transfusion, we do not remain tied to the house. We go on camping trips and all kinds of outdoor expeditions. We cannot carry the perishable plasma, but we carry first aid in our veins. There are doctors almost everywhere to take and give blood if it is needed.

We have never had trouble while away from home. Disasters are all too frequent, but they do not descend on us by the week or month.

John's natural habits are in his favor. He is no bookworm, but enjoys reading, table games and television. Now that he is eight years old we have explained the condition, in a simple, understandable way, and he is beginning to be a little careful.

There is always some danger when he is playing with other boys but, rather than cut him off from normal contacts, we decided long ago to take what came from that direction. When all John's friends began to have bicycles, we waited till he asked for one. By that time, maturing coördination spared him most of a beginner's tumbles. We would rather risk his getting hurt than have him grow up afraid to tackle things.

Constant adjustments must be made of time, money, even recreation. But we have learned to live with hemophilia. We carry hospital insurance. We keep a little frozen plasma in our freezer for emergencies. We have made firm our life lines to family doctor, specialist and hospital. And we know what to do if trouble comes.

We know that dark times may lie ahead, but our lives are not clouded by fear. We pray always that science will find a cure, and that our boy, despite his handicap, may have a happy, useful life.

## Aptly Advised

The toy department of a German mail-order house advertises: "We have a wide enough range of toys to make any boy happy. To advise you satisfactorily, though, state age of both father and son!"

—WILHELM SOMMER

When an attractive young woman asked a leading New York dermatologist what to do for her prematurely gray hair, he advised: "Admire it."

—*A. M. A. Journal*

An American tourist in England asked the gardener at Kensington Gardens, "How do you ever get lawns as perfect as that?"

The reply was, "Well, Madam, the first thing you have to do is begin about 600 years ago."

—BENNETT CERF

# The Flying Governor of South Dakota

*by* Joseph N. Bell

**Joe Foss runs his state as aggressively as he led his World War II Marine squadron**

A few months ago, an elderly citizen with a beard and an invention wandered into the South Dakota state capitol in Pierre, and asked to see Governor Joe Foss, the cigar-chewing ex-war hero and Air Force general. The citizen was soon ushered in.

"This here," said the visitor, patting his package, "is guaranteed to double the speed of rail transportation in this state."

Although he tried for an hour, the inventor never got his gadget working—if it could work at all.

"But I listened to him try to explain it," says the Governor. "It gave him pleasure. And it only gave me a very small headache."

Such are the hazards of operating a state the way Joe Foss has been running South Dakota since he took office in 1955. He believes that in a democratic society, the government literally belongs to the people. And, to prove it, he has opened up the state offices as no state government has ever opened them up before. He has canceled all star or executive sessions of everything, from the legislature to the boxing commission; and any citizen who wants to see what's going on has only to show up and walk in.

This also applies to seeing the Governor. An appointment is unnecessary. As a result, Foss occasionally listens to some strange propositions;

and when a verdict is requested he hands one down without equivocation. Not always a popular one, either.

Joe explains it this way: "I believe in saying what I mean—no double-talk. If people disagree, they can answer me at the polls."

His bluntness actually fronts a rather unusual humility. When Joe Foss was in grammar school, his parents one day found inscribed in his notebook—in Joe's handwriting: "Joe Foss is the Bunk." This sort of self-deprecation has stayed with Joe, despite a curious admixture of dashing adventurousness. In a politician, it's rather startling.

JOE—AT 41, South Dakota's youngest governor—is six feet tall, wiry rather than rugged, and with just the hint of a paunch. His narrowed eyes look straight at you, with a glint of humor. He speaks deliberately, with a touch of midwestern twang.

It was Charles A. Lindbergh who was responsible more than any man for the direction of Joe Foss' life. He was first exposed to Lindbergh's influence at the Renner Airport in Sioux Falls in 1927, when Joe's father joined with thousands of others in taking his family to pay their respects to "Lindy." Young Joe—the 12-year-old son of a Dakota farmer—never got a good look at Lindbergh. But he did see the shimmering Spirit of St. Louis in which Lindbergh had flown to Paris. This view germinated in a violent urge to fly which has not left him to this day.

For years, Joe spent every cent he could spare on private flying lessons. Then in 1940 he joined the Marine Air Corps. His exploits in 1942, when the Japanese were pushing us around in the Pacific, are legend. As Executive Officer of a Fighter Squadron on Guadalcanal, Joe shot down 26 Jap planes during 40 days of combat. For this feat he later received the Congressional Medal of Honor.

Fighting against the speedy but lightly-armored Jap Zeroes, he was shot down four times, once winding up in the ocean. His biggest bag was five Japanese planes in a single day, and he once returned safely to base with 256 bullet holes in his plane. He also crashed in the jungles of Guadalcanal because of engine failure.

But for all his jut-jawed, cigar-chewing exterior, Joe has always been a sentimentalist. During the war, the mother of a young Californian who was flying in Joe's squadron met Foss when the group was home on leave.

"My prayers are always with you," she told him. "And as long as my son is with you, I know he'll come back."

Joe assured her, "I'll take good care of him"—a promise he remembered vividly a few months later when the boy was shot down with a head injury doctors considered hopeless. But Joe, refusing to abandon hope, discovered there was a highly specialized type of surgery that might help, although the odds seemed impossible. Joe hounded the doctors until they agreed to try. When the young pilot came to in the middle of the operation, he found Joe holding his hand and telling him, "You're going to make it, son." He did, too.

Returning to the states late in 1942 for a rest and to organize a new squadron, Foss met his childhood idol, "Charley" Lindbergh, who was helping to design new war planes. Lindbergh, however, was dissatisfied with merely talking to returned combat pilots about suggestions. He wanted to test the new ideas under actual fighting conditions himself. So a few months later he was flying with Marine Fighter Squadron 115, commanded by Major Joe Foss. Ever since those exciting days, Foss and Lindbergh have been close friends.

But for some years after the war, Joe's luck seemed to desert him. He left the Marine Corps in 1946, became a reserve colonel in the Air National Guard and returned to his home state to start a freight flying service with a school buddy. After a rocky beginning, the business flourished. But Joe and his wife—who'd been his high school sweetheart—had a problem to meet at home. Their first child, Cheryl (they now have two more children, Mary Jo, 9, and Frankie, 5)—an attractive blond youngster of 12 today—was suffering from cerebral palsy. The Fosses flew Cheryl all over the country seeking help but finding little more than sympathy.

Recalls Joe: "We finally settled down with the realization—and my wife was far more responsible for this attitude than I—that there was only one course we could take; face the facts, and make the best of our lives."

Then Joe decided to run for the state legislature. He was elected and served one term. Later, he ran for

**Foss, who has always been an avid outdoorsman, is shown (*above*) returning from a successful duck shoot. A general in the Air National Guard, he flies everything from jets to multi-engine aircraft, often wears uniform (*below*) so that he can land at military bases.**

the Republican nomination for Governor but lost the primary by a few hundred votes.

During the Korean War, Joe's National Guard unit was called to active duty. He did not go overseas, but served in this country as Director of Operations for the Central Air Defense Force, winning promotion to brigadier general, a rank which he holds today.

Once more a civilian, Joe again ran for the state legislature and won easily. And finally, with the stage already set for his political future, it became evident in 1953 that Joe could have the Republican nomination for Governor if he wanted it (which is tantamount to election in South Dakota, where there hasn't been a Democratic governor since 1932). But the regular Republican organization decided to put up its own candidate against him in the primary. Joe licked the organization man and two other opponents and went on to win the election itself by a plurality of more than 30,000 votes.

The three principal problems facing Foss as Governor of South Dakota were a disintegrating system of highways, inadequate charitable, penal and educational institutions, and an unhappy minority of American Indians.

Under Foss, South Dakota is this year embarked on the largest highway building program in the history of the state. Penal institutions have been improved and state hospitals built to care for the state's physically and mentally handicapped. Foss is also expanding the school system.

Although the Indians make up less than 5 per cent of the population, they use 42 per cent of the money spent in South Dakota for aiding dependent children, 36 per cent of old age welfare funds, and they comprise about 35 per cent of the prison population.

"The Indians," says Foss, "must eventually be integrated into our society. That can be the only solution, and it's no short-term affair."

In national politics, Foss is strictly an Eisenhower man. He supported Ike enthusiastically in 1952, and will do it again. He has announced he would seek the governorship for a second two-year term, after which he will be unable to succeed himself. The chances of Joe being defeated are remote.

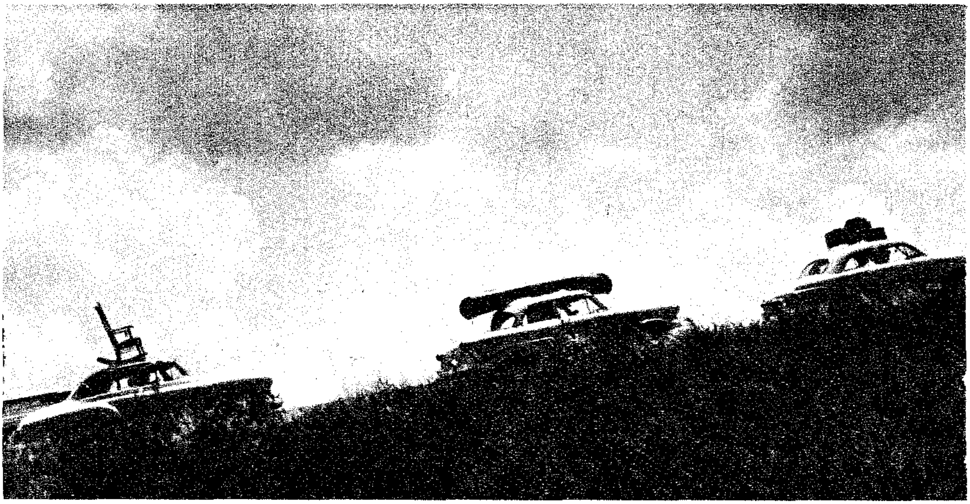
As for his future, Joe's personality is his bonanza. The people of South Dakota love him, his political foes are stuck with him and, unless things change radically, he can probably run off with any state political office he wants.

## Take Inventory

ONE OF RIPLEY'S famous cartoons pictured a plain bar of iron worth $5. This same bar of iron when made into horseshoes would be worth $10.50. If made into needles, it would be worth $3,285. And if turned into balance springs for watches, its worth becomes $250,000. The same is true of another kind of material—you! —FRANK FORDE

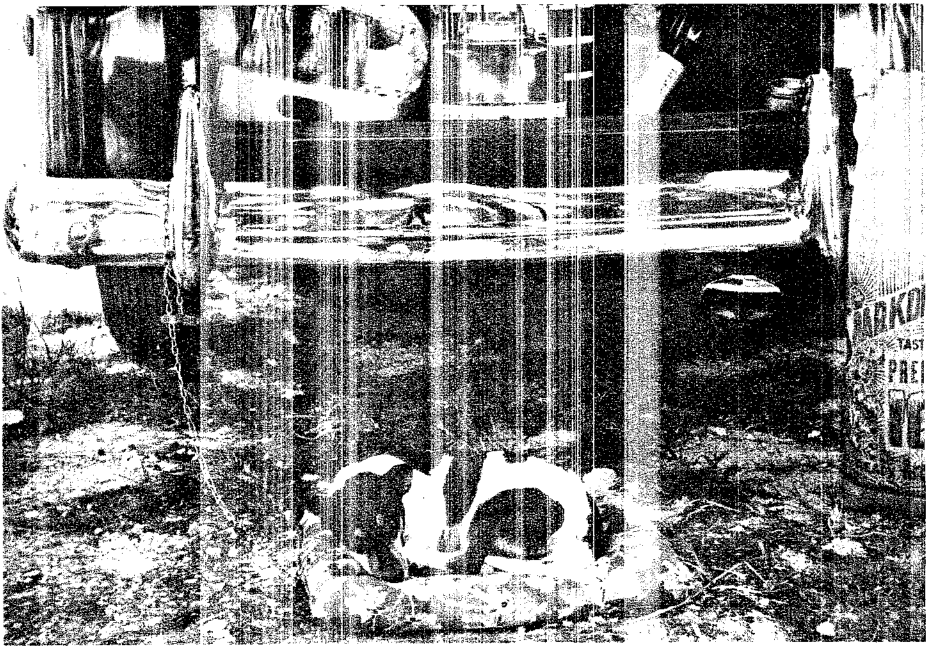
# Big Boom in Picnics

THE U.S. IS ON THE BIGGEST PICNIC BINGE in its history. Patios and back-yard barbecues have taught Americans the outdoor eating habit and industry plans to keep them enjoying it. New inexpensive equipment reduces picnic preparations to a minimum; bakeries are now slicing hamburger and hot dog rolls for quick use and packing them to stay fresh longer. One leading company sells homemakers over 20,000,000 rolls a week at this time of year, the height of the picnic season. During hot-weather months, Americans will put away over 3,000,000,000 frankfurters—most of them out of doors in lush and lazy locales.



**Superhighways bring new horizons within easy reach. Roomier cars add to picnic pleasure; even the roof can be used for gear, from canoes to old rockers.**

THE U.S. COVERS almost a continent in itself, a colorful cornucopia of picniclands to please every outdoor enthusiast. Many families choose a state or national park for these one-day vacations. Here they can pitch a tent, relax in cooling shade between ball games, hiking and fishing—and try to keep hungry kids supplied with munching material as they revive appetites in play.



Collapsible grills, thermos bags, wax paper, plastic containers, paper plates all lighten load in car trunk, leaving room for a pillow for man's best friend.

For the young in heart, simplicity is the keynote. With a basketful of sandwiches and some pop, they will spread a banquet in the sun—using a bright tablecloth as a magic carpet to convert a back-yard wilderness into an enchanted place.

**Others prefer a sandy beach, burning sun and the invigorating sea air. After carefree splashing in the surf, the family raids the picnic hamper. Even simple fare like hard-boiled eggs and potato salad tastes better in the open.**

**Whether the locale is the old swimming hole, a lake or a beach resort, the lure of water is practically irresistible at an early age. Trudging along the sand carrying their inner tubes, these toddlers wear an air of supreme self-confidence.**

A NIGHT-TIME PICNIC sees another kind of transformation take place. The flickering campfire adds a mysterious, timeless aura to the surrounding darkness. Watching wieners sputter, a warm feeling of camaraderie spreads quickly from one glowing face to another. Contentment soon finds expression in song; rusty, untrained voices grope for harmony which, when it comes, brings delighted surprise. In this picnic ritual, city folk discover a sense of identification with their primitive ancestors . . . No other country has made picnics so much a part of its everyday summer life as America, where people know how to make eating an outdoor adventure.

# Skipper Johnson's Square-Rigged Schoolhouse

*by* DAN PAONESSA

**The kids don't know a stuns'l from a poop deck, but after 18 months aboard, they're all doughty seadogs**

THE 19-year-old boy climbed aboard the trim, white brigantine docked among the fishing boats at Gloucester, Massachusetts. The *Yankee* was a 96-foot ship carrying 7,775 square feet of sail and bearing a resemblance to a 19th century whaling ship, except for its steel hull. All the boys in New England who had ever dreamed of running away to sea had heard of the *Yankee,* and young Ed Douglas, a slight, scholarly-looking lad, wanted to apply as a member of the crew.

"Know anything about sailing?" Captain Irving Johnson asked.

"Well, I sailed a dinghy on Long Island Sound once," the boy said, and added frankly, "but I spent more time turning over than sailing."

"What would you think about climbing aloft?" the skipper asked, pointing to the rigging leading to a mast that seemed to scratch the sky.

"I'd be scared to death," the boy confessed. "But I'd like to try."

Johnson, a ruddy, pleasant man of 51, grinned and signed Douglas on.

On a chill November afternoon the *Yankee* was ready to put to sea.

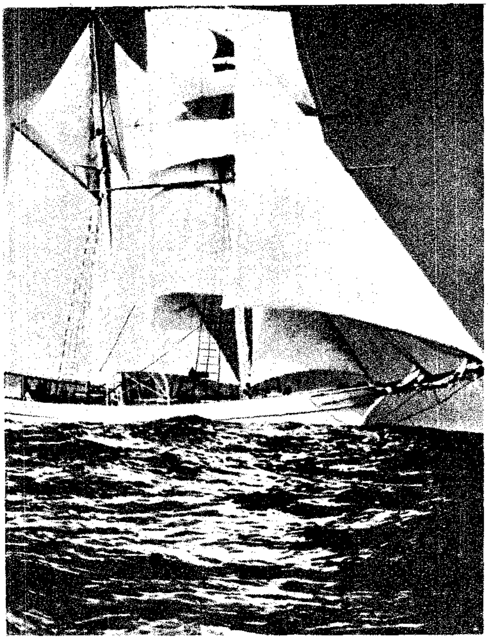
"Let go your bow line," Johnson bellowed. Then: "Let go your stern line."

He glanced at Ed, struggling with the heavy lines, and smiled. He liked the boy's spirit; and Douglas was around the same age—and with as little knowledge of the sea—as the majority of the *Yankee's* 23-member crew.

Sailing around the world on an 18-month, 45,000-mile voyage with a crew of kids who don't know a stuns'l from a poop deck sounds like suicide to salt-water men. But Johnson has been doing it for 23 years.

"For the first few months it's a little rough," he admits. "But youngsters adapt easily."

On the only cruise of its kind in



**Resembling an old whaler, *Yankee* is 96 feet long, carries 7,775 sq. feet of sail.**

the world, Johnson sets sail every three years with his pretty wife, Electa, and their two sons, Arthur, 20, and Robert, 17. He takes no passengers. His crew consists of boys and girls from 17 to 26 or older who want to learn firsthand about the era of the great sailing ships by working as able seamen. And as "teacher" aboard this square-rigged windjammer, Johnson conducts classes in adventure on the high seas.

The *Yankee's* world-girdling cruise is strictly a cooperative venture. Johnson takes along a doctor and hires a young cook, but the rest of the crew take on all the duties of the seadogs of a century ago—handling lines and sails, standing watch, taking turns at the wheel, and even occasionally harpooning a whale for food.

For the privilege of serving nearly two years before the mast, each crew member chips in on the expenses of the voyage. The Johnsons make no money on their unique venture.

The *Yankee* usually leaves port on November 4th of one year, and returns to Gloucester May 4th, 18 months later. During the 18 months between voyages, Johnson earns a living as a professional lecturer.

Between cruises, the Johnsons receive hundreds of letters from youngsters who have heard of the voyages from the skipper's lectures and TV appearances, or the Johnsons' travel books. Johnson weeds the more serious applications from the merely curious; and then, as he tours the states to lecture, he may suddenly stop to visit a prospective crew member and talk with his parents. Others might be invited to the *Yankee*, in Gloucester, so that Johnson can get to know them before signing them on. Picking a young crew for so long a voyage is an exacting business, but after nearly a lifetime of sailing, the skipper can almost sense the makings of a top-flight seafarer.

Johnson has had a passion for sail since he was 16 years old, when he and his brother left their father's Massachusetts farm and got their first glimpse of the seagoing vessels in New Bedford harbor. With more enthusiasm than good sense, the boys purchased a small boat and set sail, armed only with a "do-it-yourself" sailing manual.

"We didn't learn until we got off shore that there were a lot of gaps in those sailing lessons," Johnson recalls. "Luckily we could both swim."

The life's ambition of any man who falls in love with sailing is to go around the world. And 24 years ago, when Johnson married and soon after bought the first *Yankee*—a fleet North Sea pilot schooner—he worked out his unusual plan for globe-circling.

"We decided to turn the *Yankee* into a family unit of a few dozen bright, eager kids, taking anyone who could pay his way and be a good shipmate," he says. "When I was a boy I used to wish I had lived a hundred years ago when there were chances to ship aboard a square-rigger. Now I could give some kids an opportunity to do this. And what better way to find adventure than through the eyes of an enthusiastic youngster."

With crews of young amateurs, he has made six world voyages, with the seventh scheduled for this November. The ports-of-call approximate those of the whaling era, with stops in such primitive out-of-the-way places as Pitcairn Island, the Galápagos, Easter Island and New Guinea.

Whenever Johnson recruits a new crew, he always signs aboard three or four girls in their mid-twenties. It keeps the boys civilized, he explains; and with a few women on ship, the fellows feel that the *Yankee* is a family unit and a home—not a salty privateer.

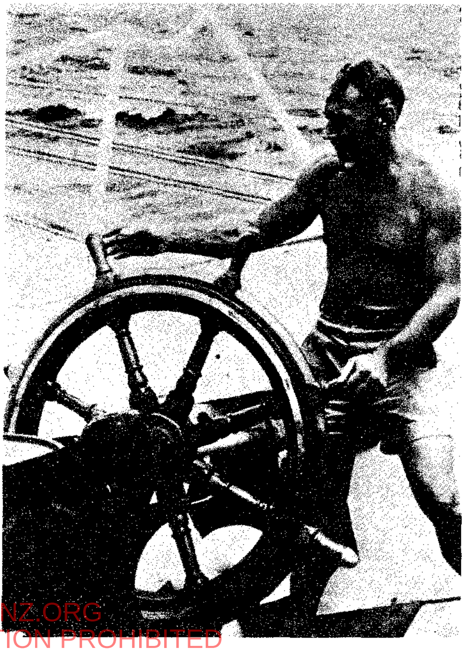
"Having good manners isn't a law," he says, "but its the nicest way to live."

One of the lasting lessons the brigantine's crew learns is the ability to adjust to one another. In the beginning of the voyage some of the family's feuds are terrific, but the skipper handles them with the deft hand of a master psychologist.

The Johnsons' own sons—Arthur and Robert—have had an upbringing that would turn any boy green with envy, and scare the daylights out of most parents. When Arthur was born, Mrs. Johnson might have expected to settle down—for the time being at least—and raise her family in the traditional way. But Johnson promptly announced that he was fitting out the *Yankee* for another globe-girdling cruise.

When Robert was born, he too went to sea at six months. Actually, Mrs. Johnson tells startled friends, the *Yankee* made a much safer nursery than the landbound kind. The crew were the children's nurses; they had their own personal physician

**On the 18-month, 45,000-mile voyage, the skipper, too, takes his turn at the wheel.**



constantly in attendance. They learned to climb before they were able to walk; and by the time they were two years old, both boys could follow the crew aloft to the top of the mast.

Their early education was solved with correspondence courses, with Mrs. Johnson as teacher. The geography they studied sailed past the ship's bow.

When the *Yankee* drops anchor in the Galápagos—its first stop after Balboa—Johnson usually sends the crew ashore to shoot enough wild goats and pigs to stock the freezer with fresh meat. This method of feeding the crew is a link with America's whaling past.

When ships in the last century put out from Nantucket they took along livestock—goats, sheep, pigs—leaving them in pairs on island stops. Then when the ships returned in a year or so, they would stop at these places and "harvest" the crops of fresh meat.

The *Yankee* is still harvesting the crops of animals left originally by the seadogs of the last century.

But a Galápagos goat is no longer the tender delicacy its ancestor once was. A century of mountain climbing has turned it into a tough little creature; its meat is tasty, but as tough as a bicycle tire. On the last voyage, Johnson thought he had gotten around the problem of stringy goat meat by bringing along a meat grinder.

En route to the Galápagos, after weeks of dining on fish and canned foods, the crew looked forward to a banquet of fresh goatburger. After the ship dropped anchor, the boys bagged several goats, and then waited for the feast.

"I don't know just what happened to our young cook then," Mrs. Johnson laughs. "In the excitement he must have lost his head. Anyway, he ground up some carrots, and threw the meat grinder blade overboard with the peelings. That evening we chewed on tough goat meat as we always had."

SOME of the crew's expeditions lead to unmapped territories rarely traveled by white men. Several years ago, Captain Johnson heard tales of weird rites on Penticost Island, where the natives prove their manhood by leaping headfirst from a 75-foot tower.

In 1954, he decided that he and his crew should investigate. Guided by a planter named Oscar Newman, they set off across the jungles of Penticost Island to the native village.

"The tower was made of branches and vines—an architect's nightmare," Johnson says. "But it was strong enough. A few of our boys got up the nerve to climb to the top. But they came down in a hurry."

Soon the natives began dancing and chanting at the foot of the tower. Then a young native climbed it, tied vines to each of his ankles, and dived off. The vines pulled the boy up short, just as his head was about to hit the ground. For six hours the spellbound crew watched as, one by one, 28 jumpers leaped from the tower.

"For the first few jumps we were too shaken to even hold a camera," one of the crew recalls. "But we managed to calm down enough to take some of the rarest films of native rites ever recorded."

Perhaps one of the most romantic expeditions was the visits to Ternate, a small island possession of Indonesia, on the fourth voyage. Johnson had heard that the Sultan of Ternate liked visitors and felt that a call at the palace of a real Eastern potentate might be interesting.

The Sultan was away on a trip when the *Yankee* landed, but the crew was greeted at the palace by his lovely, 17-year-old daughter, a princess whose name was actually Scheherazade.

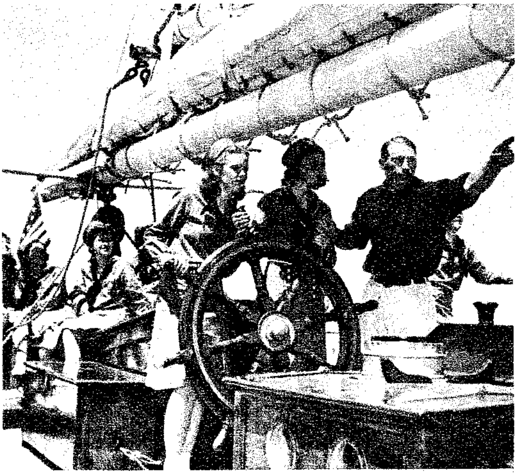
"Just call me Rinny," she said in perfect English when one of the awed boys stumbled over her name.

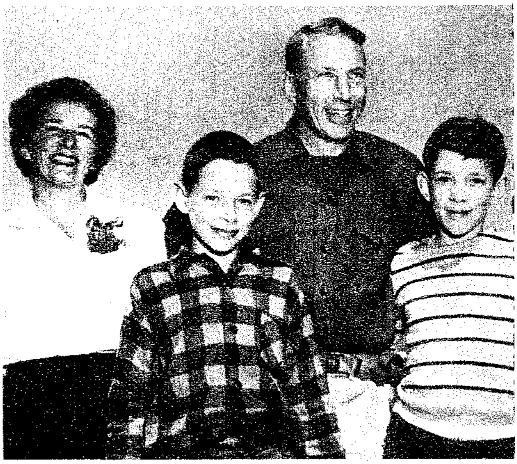
"It was like a mixed-up version of the Arabian Nights," Ed Douglas recalls. "Rinny danced for us—an ancient Oriental dance. Then she sat down at the piano and knocked out some of the best boogiewoogie I've ever heard."

The boys returned her hospitality by asking her to visit the *Yankee*. Princess Scheherazade turned up dressed in blue jeans, and enthusiastically accepted an invitation to go skin diving off the bow of the ship—to the consternation of her Moslem subjects who were looking on.

"I don't think they'd seen such a spectacle as their Royal Highness fitted out in diving gear," Ed says. "But Rinny was having fun. And so were we."

The youngsters from the *Yankee* have eaten roast pig with New Guinea cannibals whose entire dress often consists of bones or curved shells that hang down from the nose like walrus mustaches. They have dined in formal splendor with the governor of St. Helena. An amiable French murderer took them on a tour of the once infamous





**The skipper, *above,* directing girl crew members. *Below,* Johnson family on an early voyage.**

penal colony at Devil's Island.

Movie actor Sterling Hayden was the best sailor Johnson ever had aboard. At the age of 20, he became mate of the *Yankee*. It was due to photographs which were taken on the ship that he got started on his acting career.

After each cruise, parents are delighted to find that their children not only take an acute and zestful interest in everything they do, but are more aware of the world and the people around them than a good many adults.

"In 18 months of adventuring, the kids become really citizens of the world," Johnson says. "They find out that people are pretty nice all over the globe. And when you personally meet and know a fair cross section of all mankind, it's impossible to go home with a prejudice of any sort."

## A Question of Survival

IN THE METAIRIE CEMETERY IN NEW ORLEANS stands a handsome obelisk inscribed: "Angele Marie Langles, 105 La. 39." It is probably the only monument ever erected to a court decision.

In 1898, Angele Marie's mother made her will naming Angele Marie her sole heir. In case Angele Marie preceded her in death, the mother's fortune was to go to various other beneficiaries.

Angele Marie drew up a similar will naming her mother as heir, but with a different list of beneficiaries should her mother die first.

Shortly afterward, the two women boarded *La Bourgogne* for France. In a fog, in a collision with another ship, the liner sank, losing several passengers and crew, including Marie and her mother.

The legal point was—which one had perished first? And which list of beneficiaries was entitled to their combined fortunes?

At the trial in New Orleans, the main fact brought out was that the daughter, though frail, could swim; and the mother, though robust, could not. But there was no indication that this fact was relevant, since the two women were never seen to leave their stateroom and very likely, had perished there.

The jury finally returned this verdict: "We are unable to determine from the evidence submitted who died first or whether they died simultaneously." The judge then ruled that without any hard-and-fast facts to the contrary, the benefit of the doubt in the question of the survivorship must go to the younger person.

The State Supreme Court upheld his judgment and went on to suggest that the daughter's request that $3,000 be expended for a tomb for herself be carried out even though there was no body, explaining: "We think that this is a proper occasion to give the word its broadest meaning, a monument in memory of the dead."

The executor of Miss Langles' estate was so fascinated by the strange legal aspects of the case that he had inscribed alongside her name: "105 La. 39," so that others intrigued, also, would be referred to appropriate volume and page of Louisiana's Supreme Court Reports.

—HAROLD HELFER

# That Pea-Pickin', Philosophizin' Tennessee Ernie

*by* RICHARD G. HUBLER

**This genial minstrel delights millions by mixing sophistication with country wit**

A FEW YEARS BACK, "Tennessee Ernie" Ford found out that he did not talk like other people when he stepped up to a television camera after a singer had finished and said, "Man, when that gal gets through singin', it's just too wet to plough!"

Then, according to Ford, "The buildin' started to rumble and ever'body was runnin' around and whisperin': 'What did he say? What did he say?' "

To network censors, Ford was forced to explain that all he meant was the girl was so good the rest of

them could have knocked off work for the day, and that all the commotion over it left him "redder than a gander's feet in a huckleberry patch."

"It's mostly back-country Tennessee talk fixed up to suit myself," he says. "It's natural back there."

It is possible that Ford's misadventures with the English language —which have now been picked up by advertising and publicity writers —will mark a major change in the vernacular of America.

The informal breezy manner of this six-foot, black-haired, black-browed, black-mustached performer enables him to sing a blues song and switch over to a folksy joke or bit of local gossip without a perceptible pause. He is responsible for bringing a satiric sophistication to hill-country wit; his offhand comments are those of a new type of minstrel-philosopher that cannot be compared with any previous performer except perhaps Will Rogers.

The 37-year-old "black Dutchman," as Ford describes himself—actually a mixture of German-Irish-Indian out of Tennessee—is a phenomenon of the entertainment business. Not long ago his basso sent the hackneyed "Ballad of Davy Crockett" into the top rank of all seven categories of records on the popular, country and children's charts for the first time in recording history. More recently, his Capitol rendition of a coal-mining chant, "Sixteen Tons," sold over a million records in 21 days, said to be a speed record of recent years. It is now inching up to the amazing total of three million copies.

Ford's voice sounds as if his adenoids were coated with butter. Yet it has "muscles," as one admirer puts it, and his enunciation of the words is clear. His vocal training enables him to give an ordinary tune the "big treatment" that is generally reserved only for opera.

In addition to his recording and TV activities, Ford finds time to make a dozen jes'-folks guest appearances a year; he has been hailed at such famous nightclubs as the Copacabana in New York and the Thunderbird and Last Frontier in Las Vegas. He has also played to the staid British audiences at the London Palladium, scoring an overwhelming success.

Among his own folk, Ford is a prime favorite as well. In 1954, he was given a homecoming by Tennessee and Virginia; in 1955—while performing at the Indiana State Fair —he was awarded a plaque for his "outstanding contribution" to folk humor by Tennessee Governor Frank Clement.

THE CHARM of Ford's offhand humor and philosophy is difficult to understand unless it is experienced firsthand. A visitor to one of his performances is likely to be dazed by Ford's aplomb in the midst of the half-hour hurlyburly weekdays over NBC-TV.

A typical introduction usually takes place in Ford's dressing room. "Hello," he says, holding up his pants with one hand and shaking with the other. "Set down. I'm changin'. I'll be right with you."

He glances at himself in the mirror and wags his head. "I look like a sackful of doorknobs," he goes on dubiously. "Used to weigh 215 pounds and now I'm down to 186. Got the same lickin' good appetite and the same space inside, but I don't work like I used to on the farm. Used to do everything from carryin' water to grubbin' out stumps."

On the stage, Ford addresses the audience that packs the big Hollywood studio: "Friends, we're goin' to work for you this mornin'. If you like the show, please tell your friends. If you don't, please keep quiet—we need the money." He looks sidewise and speaks out of the corner of his mouth: "We plan things to be funny but we really hope they *happen* funny." That is the basic philosophy of Tennessee Ernie's shows.

Instead of telling an actor to get ready on cue, Ford is likely to say, "You wasn't behind the barn door when the shucks was rattled. Now cock your pistol and don't jump 'til I holler frog!"

He may hold up the product of one of his half-dozen sponsors and say: "I don't guarantee this will make your girl wash the dishes but it might help." Or he may merely tuck it under his chin and leer significantly into the camera.

"A lot of folks seem to feel it's the commercials that make my show hotter than a bucket of red ants," he admits. "I did a song in one of those mountain scenes, everybody in long black beards and one of the boys scrounged up in a washtub in front. Well, sir, right in the middle, his beard come off. So he picks it up and starts usin' it like a washrag. After, I had him come on for the commercial and I said: 'If this soap'll get Charlie clean, it'll clean anythin'!' "

In another sequence, riding along in a fake buggy, Ernie leaned over and called "howdy" to the startled prop man who was bouncing the buggy up-and-down from below. "You know," Ernie laughs, "the union charged me $25 extra because that prop man got to be an actor flat on his back. Great little trouper, too."

Asked about his personal history, Tennessee Ernie is likely to sigh and confess, "You'll have me squirmin' worse than a worm in hot ashes."

He admits that he was born February 13, 1919, in Fordtown, Tennessee, and raised in Bristol, which is directly on the Tennessee-Virginia state line. He was christened Ernest Jennings and started working on the

**Ernie squeezes time from busy TV schedule for wife Betty, sons Jeff and Brion.**

farm when he was eight years old.

"I sang when I was two," he says. "My dad, Clarence, and my happy-heart mom, Maude, they took me to Sunday School. Dad bragged that I knew all the words to 'The Old Rugged Cross.' I didn't—but I sang tenor in the choir until my voice changed."

About his farm background he says, "I used to go into the cornfield when it was just light, pick a pile, haul it to the barn, shuck it, shell it, sack it and pack it on a mule. Then I'd trot to the water-wheel mill, have it ground, pack it back—and for dinner that night we'd have corn bread made from the corn I picked that mornin'. Corn bread with fried ham and red-eyed gravy. You make that with the leavin's of the ham in the frying pan and about half a cup of coffee. Then start soppin'. My family are pretty sloppy soppers."

His ambition was to be an opera star. As he puts it: "I took some lessons while I was a $10-a-week announcer on a local radio station—two fine ladies they were, that told me about pear-shaped tones. I saved up to go for one semester to the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music in Ohio and went busted. So I showed at least as much sense as a broke-down mule and rode south. I picked up a livin' from 1939 to 1941 announcing on Atlanta and Knoxville stations."

During World War II, Ernie was a navigator in heavy bombers, then for two years an Air Force instructor, during which time he met and married a local girl named Betty Heminger.

The way Ernie tells it: "I enlisted in 1942, got my wife and then, three years later, my walkin' papers. I stayed out West, announced and worked in Nevada, then got to be a hillbilly disc jockey in Pasadena, about as low down around the hocks as you can get."

He is eager to give a major share of credit for his sudden rise to his present business manager, Cliff Stone.

"Cliffie was one of the first western music men and has been on radio for years," says Ernie. "I used to bust into his program and crack a couple of bad jokes, clown it up, sing a hymn and leave. All for fun. Cliffie gave me a job after awhile and things started up. I sang the title song from the movie 'River of No Return,' back-to-back with 18 pieces and six voices—and ever'thin' started to move out."

A second influence that Ford claims "pitchforked" him into success was his early guest-star appearances. His easy manner on "I Love Lucy" got him two repeats; and he popped up later on the George Gobel show and the Colgate Comedy Hour.

The comments of his associates reveal a good deal about the reason for Ford's success. "People love what Ernie does to words," says one assistant. "And the advertiser loves his wisecracks about the product. How can he miss?" One of Ford's singers claims: "What people love about Ernie is Ernie. Not his material or us, just Ernie."

Stone, a long-time veteran of folk humor, says, "Ernie's a philosopher. Don't forget that. He tells people stuff they ought to know in a way they remember. He's a pea-pickin' Plato."

As a sideline, Ernie has written more than 20 songs—such as "Anticipation Blues" (while waiting for his wife to have their first baby), "Christmas Dinner" and such boogies as "Smoky Mountain" and "Blackberry." His famous "Shotgun Boogie" sold over half a million records.

He does not like to talk about how much he makes because he thinks people get "fluttered" if he does, but in the last half-dozen years his annual earnings have increased from $6,000 to nearly $200,000.

"I don't see how my worldly goods are entertainin'," he complains. But it is a fact that when he mentioned his 540-acre ranch north of San Francisco and his herd of Herefords on the air he got scores of letters inquiring about it. He hired his foreman from one of them.

Ernie is strictly an outdoor man when it comes to relaxation. By squeezing up his weekly schedule of five or more shows, he sometimes manages a couple of days off. Then he visits his ranch, hunts deer in Utah, or fishes for black bass.

"'Course I play a lot with the kids—Jeffrey Buckner is six and Brion Leonard two—and I go down to the local sportin' goods store to gossip. I live out in Whittier, in a ranch house that's worth maybe $60,000.

"I like makin' my own sausage—just a fresh shoulder of pork, grind it with plenty of sage, brown sugar, salt and pepper. Or broilin' fresh deer liver—and eatin' it. Just the other day I built me a split rail fence by beggin' some old telephone poles and wedgin' them apart.

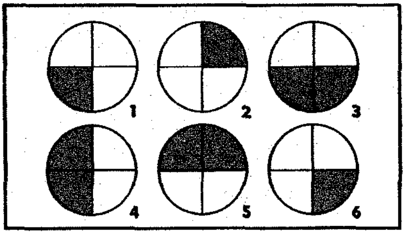
"Rest of the time, I just wander around and visit folks. I got as many relatives as a brush rabbit."

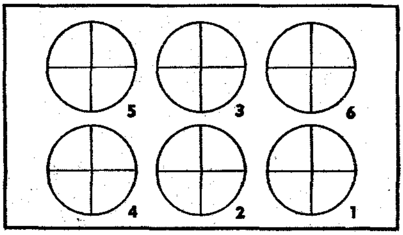
Asked about the future, Ford shakes his head. "Worry never helped a crop or a calf or a comedian," he says. "I'm a farm boy. I came from one and the way it looks—after my singin' and jokin' and funnin' is over—I guess I'll be goin' back to one."

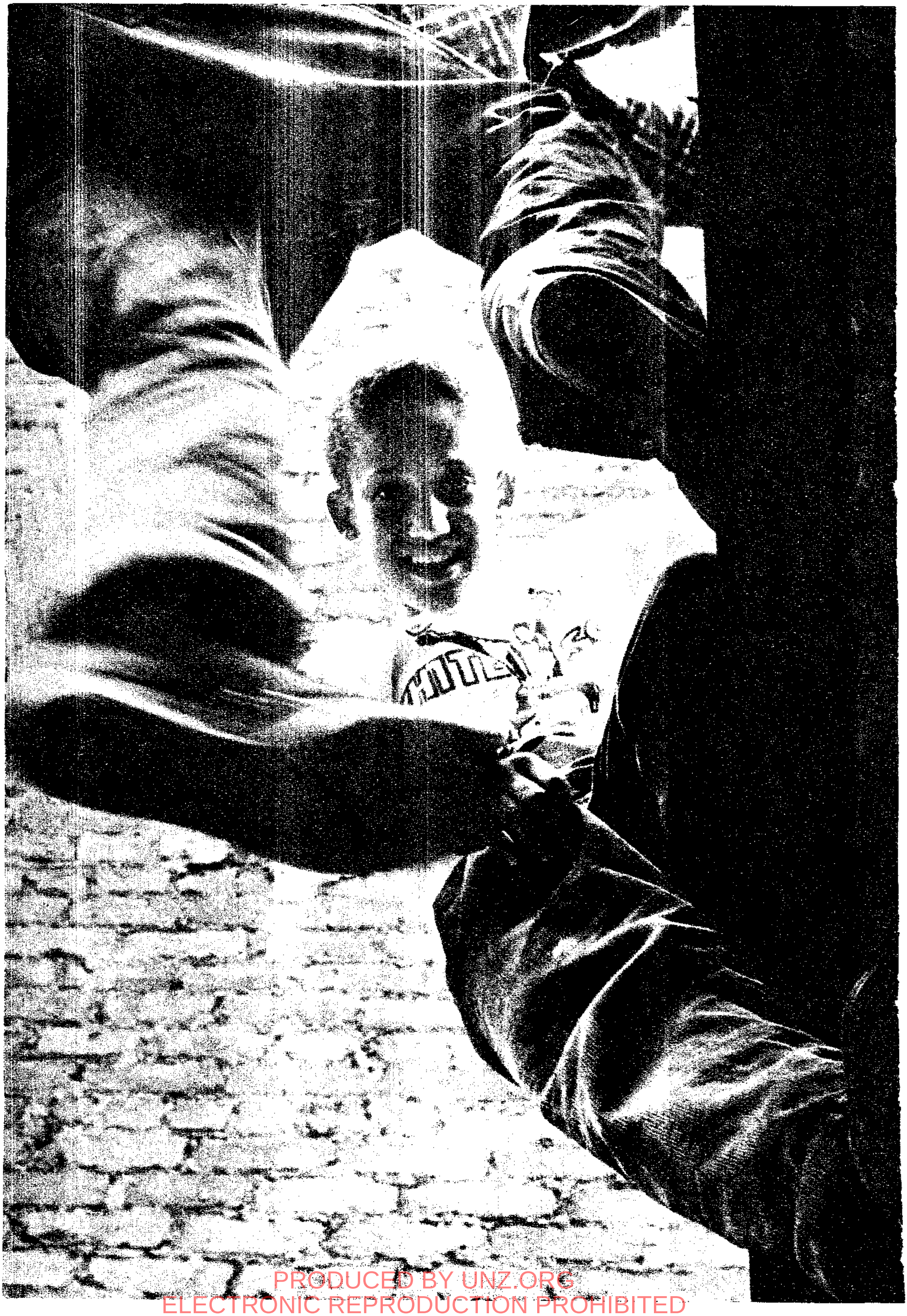
## Test Your Memory!

Do you remember details? Study the shaded circles for two minutes and try to recall which design corresponds to which number. Now, with the help of only your memory (cover the left-hand design with your hand), fill in the circles in the right with a pencil so that when they are completed, they match the original numbers. Three correct is average; four good; more is excellent.

—GERARD MOSLER



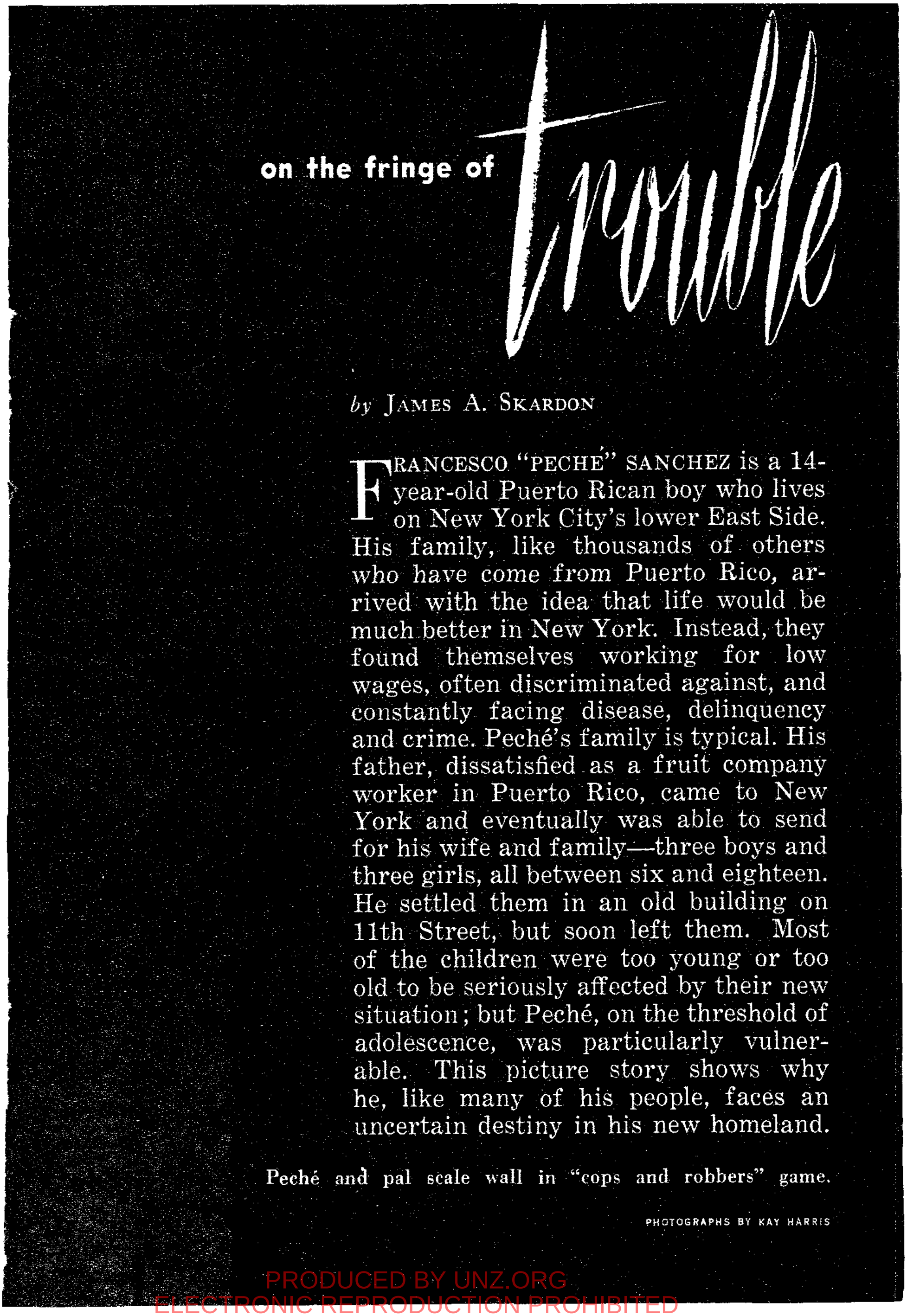




# on the fringe of trouble

by James A. Skardon

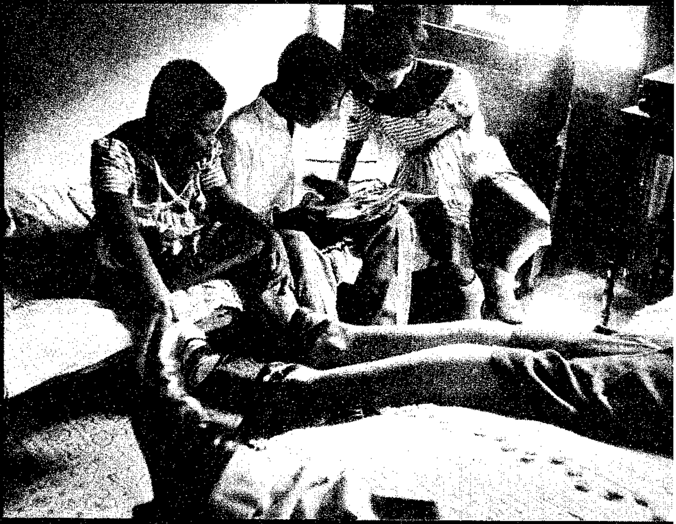
FRANCESCO "PECHÉ" SANCHEZ is a 14-year-old Puerto Rican boy who lives on New York City's lower East Side. His family, like thousands of others who have come from Puerto Rico, arrived with the idea that life would be much better in New York. Instead, they found themselves working for low wages, often discriminated against, and constantly facing disease, delinquency and crime. Peché's family is typical. His father, dissatisfied as a fruit company worker in Puerto Rico, came to New York and eventually was able to send for his wife and family—three boys and three girls, all between six and eighteen. He settled them in an old building on 11th Street, but soon left them. Most of the children were too young or too old to be seriously affected by their new situation; but Peché, on the threshold of adolescence, was particularly vulnerable. This picture story shows why he, like many of his people, faces an uncertain destiny in his new homeland.

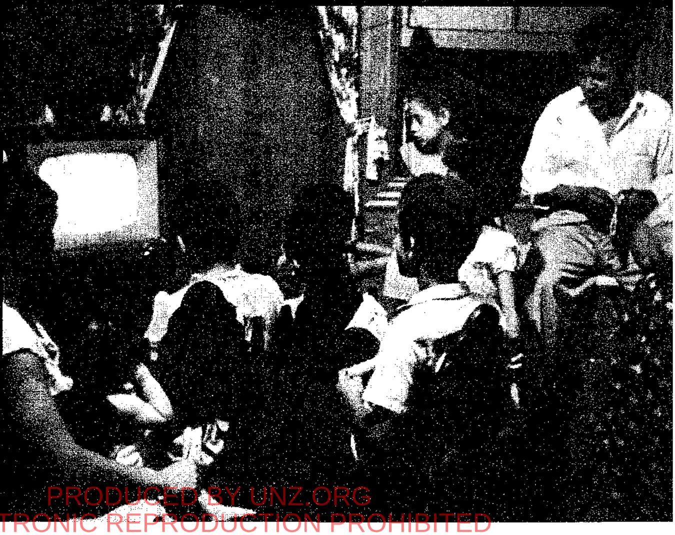


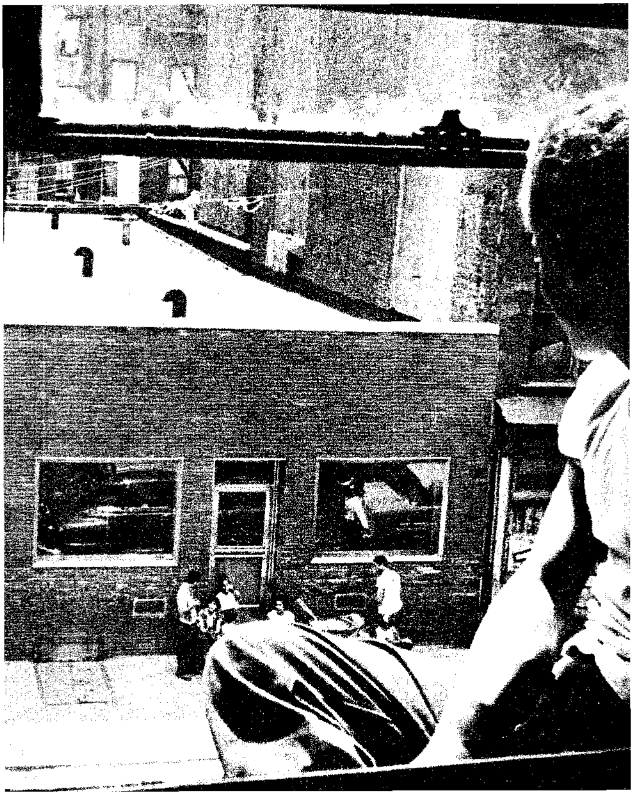
Peché and pal scale wall in "cops and robbers" game.

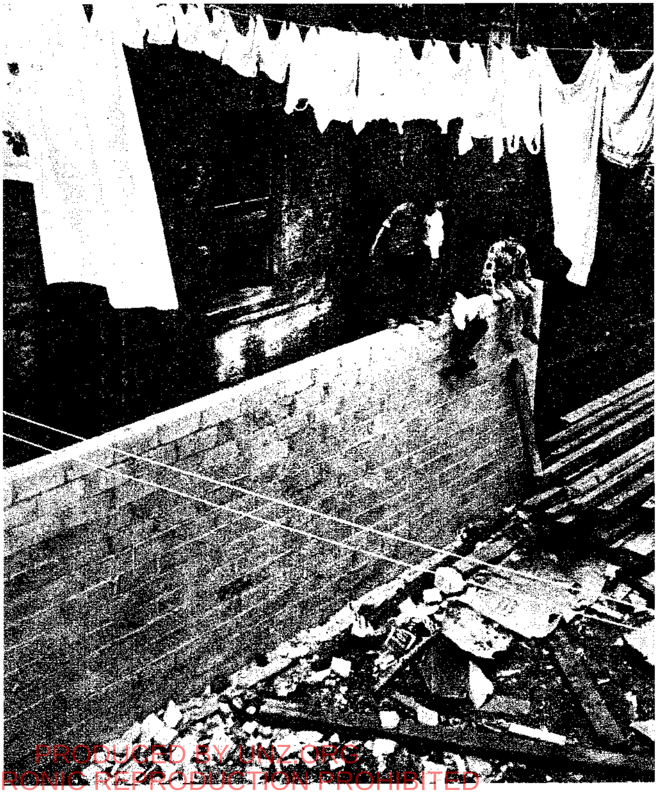
PHOTOGRAPHS BY KAY HARRIS

The traditional American family evening at home is often a dull one for Peché. Here he reads a Spanish language comic book to sisters while visitors loll on bed. Below, Peché watches neighbors' television.



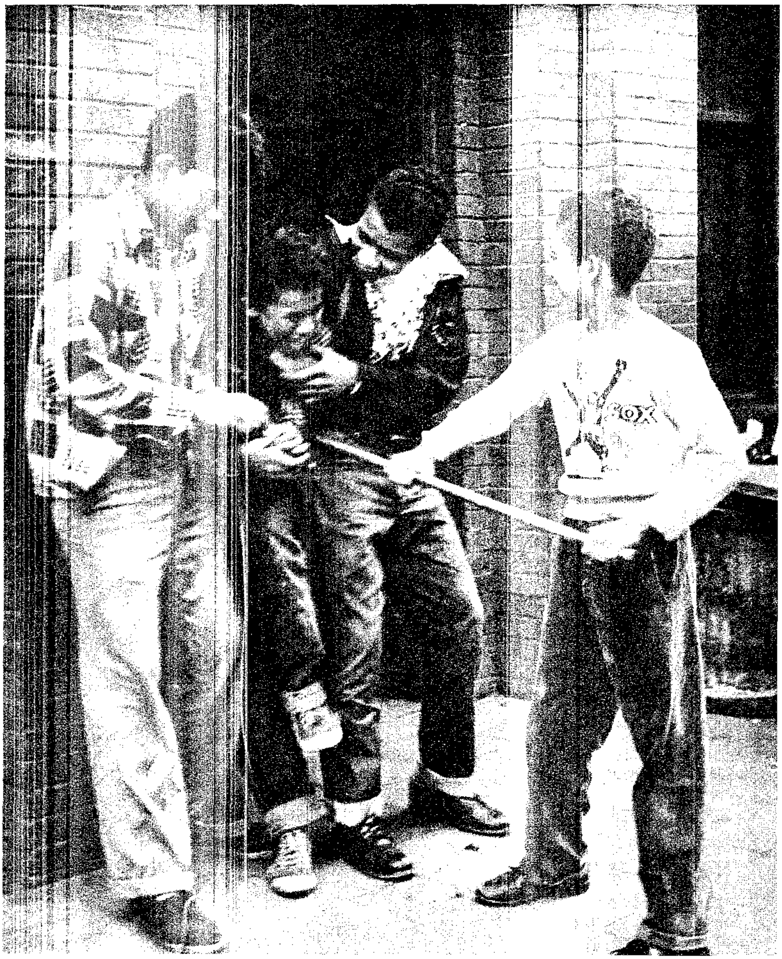


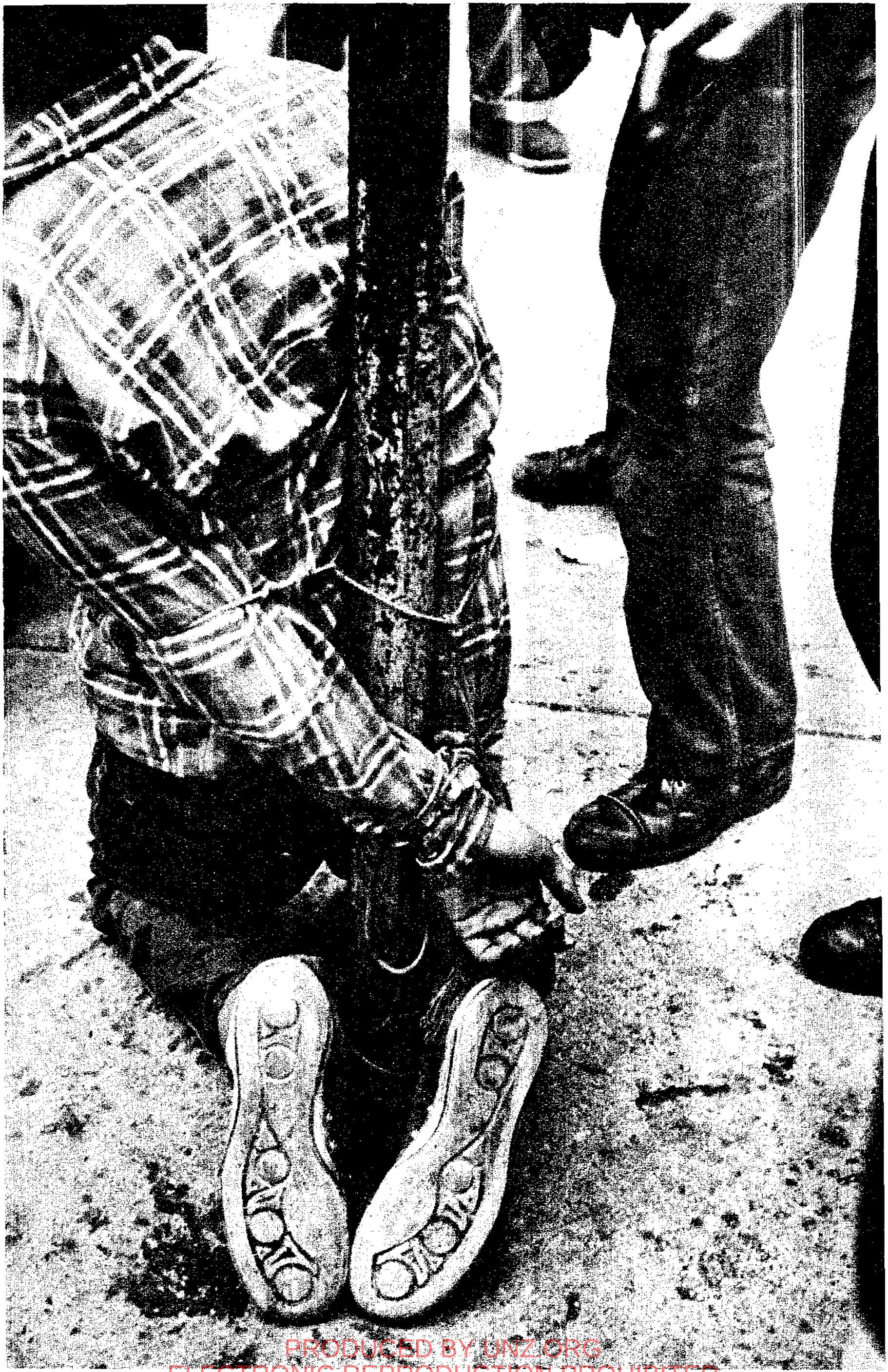


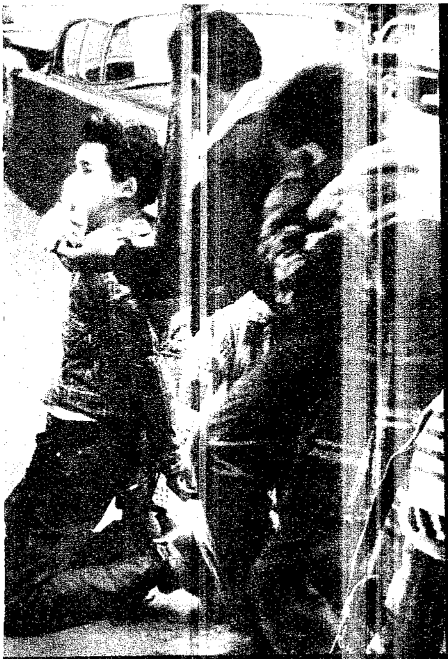


Out on the hostile street, a man warns Peché to leave his son alo

Unable to buy toys, Peché builds a bike from parts he has collecte

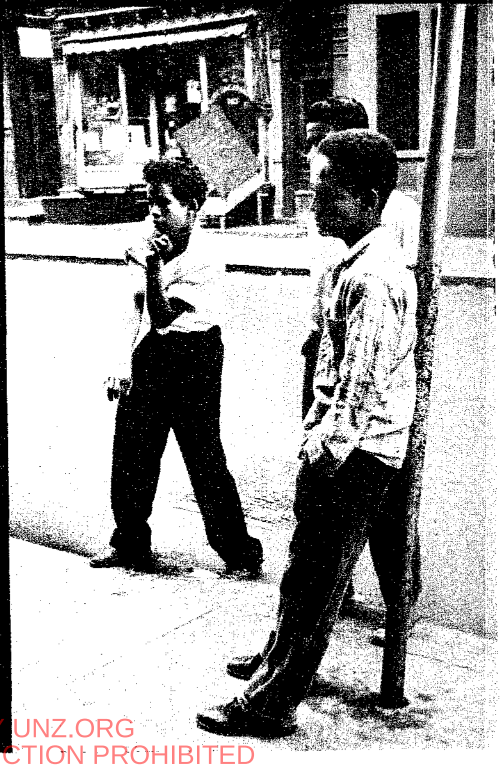


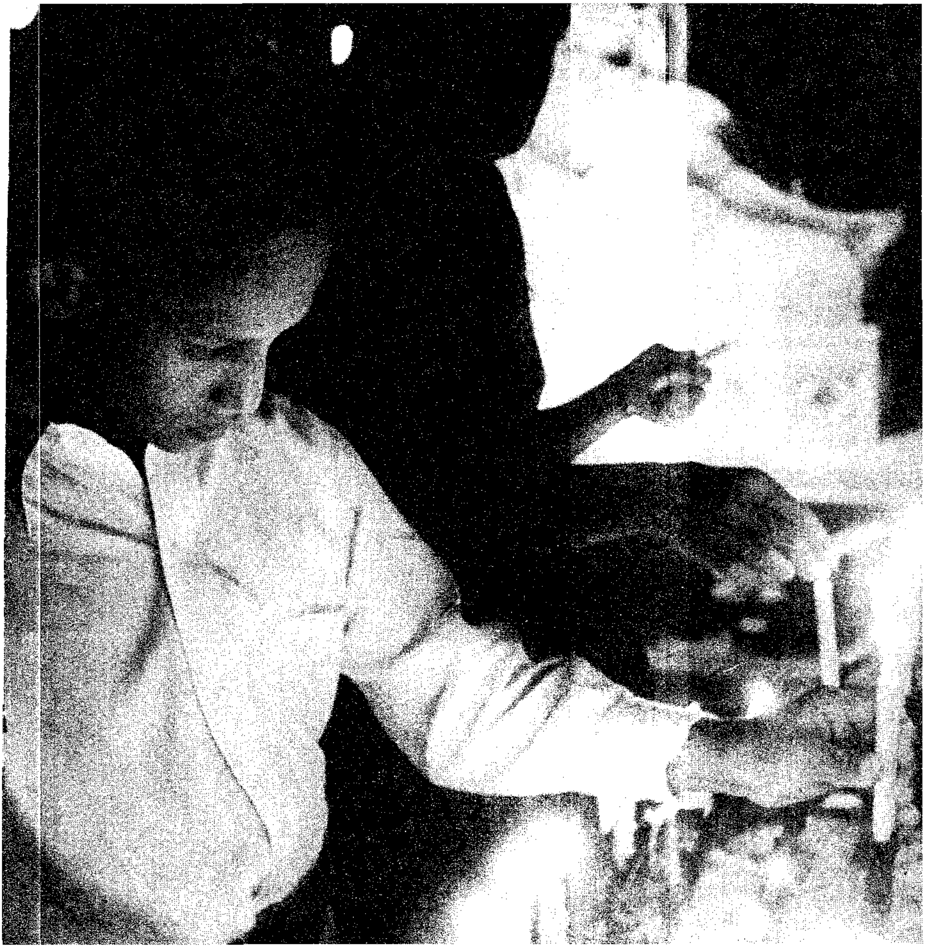


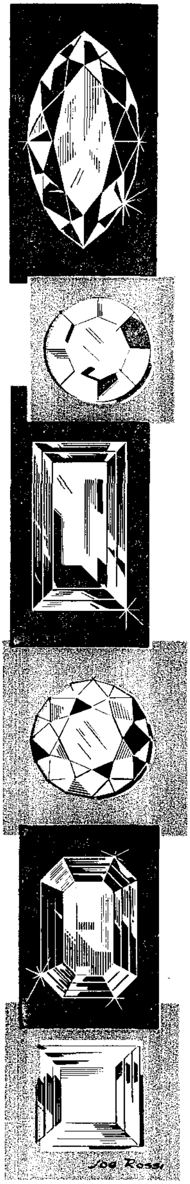


Victim (*far left*) struggles to free himself, as screaming friends stomp around in a rhythmic war dance. At left, a boy "tortures" the captive by holding lighted paper near his face.

The game over, Peché leans on post. There is always the danger of being drawn into the gangs, which pit Puerto Ricans and Negroes in battle against boys of Irish, German and Italian descent.







# How Good an Investment Is Your Diamond?

by ROUL TUNLEY

***Many factors determine the resale value of a diamond—but, say the experts, don't buy one if you're looking only for a quick profit***

RECENTLY, a young lady I know in New York City was about to inherit a diamond ring. The stone was almost a carat in size, and she was overjoyed because she hoped to sell it for enough to take a long-dreamed-of trip to Europe.

After pricing diamonds of similar size in fine jewelry stores and finding they sold for around $800, she started collecting travel folders. But, when the ring arrived, she was timid about marketing it and asked me to do it for her.

The first person I took it to was a pawnbroker.

"How much?" I asked.

He examined it carefully with a magnifying glass and said: "Exactly $285."

Shocked, I next went to a well-known diamond-buying service—the kind that advertises on the radio ("Now is the time to sell your jewels," etc.). They offered me $280. Then I took it to a buyer recommended by one of the most reputable Fifth Avenue jewelers. He offered $275. Eventually, I went to dozens of other buyers. The average price was $285.

When I broke the sad news to my friend, she at first registered disbelief, then acute disappointment. Putting the ring back on her finger, she exclaimed, "Where in the world do people get the idea that you can always get back what you paid for a diamond?"

The answer is, I believe, important to the nearly

40,000,000 Americans who own a diamond, as well as to several million others who will plight their troth in 1956 with a sparkler on the third finger of the left hand.

The truth is that if you buy a diamond with the idea of making a profit on the transaction in a few years, or even breaking even, you will probably be disappointed. If you are looking for an investment, it would be far better to put your money into a Government bond, for $750 that you invested in such a bond ten years ago would yield $1,000 today.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN if you took that $1,000 and bought a diamond?

As a test, I did just that. In one of the most famous jewelers' on New York's Fifth Avenue, I bought a fine, white one-carat diamond for $1,000. (Actually, the bill came to $1,130 because there were Federal and city taxes of 10 and 3 per cent.) I asked, however, to have three days in which to make up my mind, and they allowed me to do so.

I immediately took the ring to the diamond buyer who had offered me the largest amount before. The price? Just $425!

This might have been a severe blow had I not (1) made arrangements to return the ring to the jeweler when I bought it, and (2) come meanwhile to understand the wholesale-retail structure under which diamonds, as well as most merchandise in the United States, are sold.

Since the markup on jewelry is generally 100 per cent of its wholesale cost, my $1,000 diamond had cost the establishment where I bought it approximately $500. They, in turn, had bought it from a wholesaler who had paid approximately $425 for it. (Wholesalers make from 15 to 20 per cent.)

Therefore, the average person who buys a diamond does so at the top of the ladder and sells at the bottom. For, generally speaking, the cash-realizable value of your diamond, if you have dealt with an honest firm, is approximately 42 per cent of the retail, or appraisal, value.

People who buy with this knowledge are not apt to be disenchanted if it becomes necessary to sell. For, of all adornments, diamonds have the greatest recoverable value. The only other adornment approaching it is gold, which averages only about 25 per cent.

Most reputable jewelers do not like to stress the investment angle. But during World War II, many people in occupied countries bought their freedom, and even their lives with these precious bits of crystalized carbon which men have cherished since the days of the ancients. And wherever these people have gone—Buenos Aires, Dallas, Beirut, Paris, New York or Hong Kong—they have found a stabilized market for their gems.

On the whole, Europeans and other foreigners whose currencies have undergone ruinous inflations have a greater respect for the value of diamonds than Americans whose currency has remained on an even keel, relatively speaking.

The most important reason for the unusual stability of diamond prices is the rigid control over their sale. Actually, the industry represents one of the tightest of monopolies.

It is, in effect, a vast cooperative composed of the largest diamond producers in the world. Their output is marketed through a central selling organization controlled by De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

In times of depression, it locks its safes, releases no more diamonds and, in effect, protects your investment as well as its own. Diamond prices may sag, but they never break. Interestingly enough, this selling group has almost never been known to lower its prices.

Over the years, in fact, the price of diamonds increases. For example, a stone which sold for $425 at a retail store several decades ago would sell for about $600 at the same jewelers today. And its resale value would be correspondingly higher.

It must be remembered, of course, that this price rise is more apparent than real. It does not take into account the fact that we have undergone an inflation during this period and that our dollar is worth only half what it once was. Actually, therefore, this inflation has cancelled out the rise in diamond prices. Nevertheless—relatively speaking—the record has been very stable.

Diamonds are judged on four bases: size, degree of perfection, color and cut.

*Size:* Other things being equal, the bigger the stone, the more valuable it is. Also, since large stones are rarer, they are worth more *per carat.* For example, although the retail price of a one-carat diamond might

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vary between $500 and $1,200, a three-carat one might vary between $2,000 and $6,000. A 10-carat stone, could easily be worth $50,000.

*Degree of Perfection:* There is no such thing as an absolutely perfect diamond. A so-called "perfect" diamond, as far as the market requirements go, is one whose imperfections (bubbles, carbon spots, feathers, clouds) cannot be seen by a 10-power glass.

*Color:* Loosely-speaking, diamonds are either yellow or white, with the latter the more valuable. Other colors, of course, have been found—green, red, even black.

*Cut:* In the past, diamonds were generally cut in whatever shape would preserve the maximum weight. Today, however, cutters sacrifice weight to brilliance. That is why a stone that has been in your family 40 or 50 years will probably not have the same value as a similar-quality one of the same weight today.

Old stones, of course, can easily be recut to bring them up-to-date; in other words, to achieve maximum brilliance. The loss of weight averages about 25 per cent, and the cost runs about $25 per carat.

Since most jewelers like to soft-pedal the idea of buying diamonds as an investment, they stress instead such factors as pride, pleasure and beauty. They also like to point out that, in actual fact, most stones are bought for love. The vast majority are purchased by men, to be given to wives and sweethearts as a solid memento of their feelings.

Experts agree that the following advice should be kept in mind when purchasing a diamond:

1. Go to a reliable store. If you have any doubt as to the item you are buying, obtain an agreement to return it within three days' time and get your money back. In this period, you can have it appraised.

Beware of certificates that say merely that your stone is "genuine." A genuine diamond can be very inferior indeed.

2. Buy a white, rather than a yellow, diamond. If it is size you want, get an imperfect white rather than a perfect yellow one. The average observer cannot spot an imperfection, but he can see color.

3. If the diamond is under a carat in weight, buy a round one. If the stone is between one and two carats, buy a round cut or a marquise (elliptical in shape). These two types have the greatest resale value. Over two carats, you can buy a round, marquise or emerald cut (square or rectangular).

4. Buy a ring with as plain a mounting as possible. Put most of your money into the stone, bearing in mind that settings go quickly out of style. A good rule is that the value of the diamond should be at least ten times the value of the setting.

And what about the young lady who had inherited the diamond ring? I was surprised to find later that she had decided not to sell it.

"I've grown kind of used to it," she explained, holding her hand up so that the play of light made it sparkle. "Look! Isn't that pretty?"

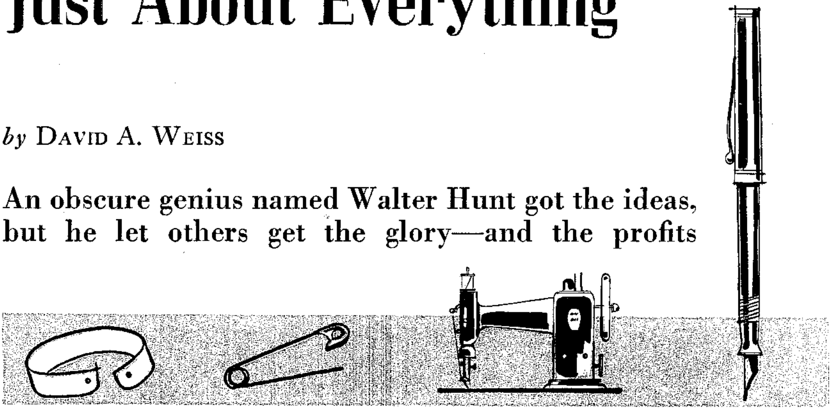
"Yes," I admitted, "but what about Europe?"

"Oh, *that,*" she said. "I'll do that on the installment plan. A diamond's a diamond!"

# The Man Who Invented Just About Everything

*by* David A. Weiss

**An obscure genius named Walter Hunt got the ideas, but he let others get the glory—and the profits**



ON A WINTRY MORNING in 1849, a New York inventor named Walter Hunt sat at a cluttered desk in his workshop off lower Broadway absent-mindedly fingering a small piece of brass wire. He owed a draftsman $15 and had promised to repay it that afternoon.

Hunt left to see the draftsman, John Chapin, and, while walking around the man's study, tried to think of a way to raise the cash. Suddenly he got an idea and dashed back to his workshop. Picking up the piece of wire, he twisted it until he had a loop in the middle. Then he bent one point into the shape of a hook, and fitted the second point into it.

In less than three minutes, Walter Hunt had invented the safety pin. And within hours—to pay his debt—he sold away his rights to it to a patent firm for $400.

The safety pin is only one of dozens of contributions this tall, broad-shouldered man with the soft, dreamy eyes made to our modern living. The fountain pen he not only invented, but named. And, history books notwithstanding, he also invented the sewing machine.

Yet, no inventor could be more obscure. For Hunt was also a genius at letting others get the glory and the profits.

"If I found a road to the moon," he often lamented, "someone else would find a short cut."

One trouble was that he was too far ahead of his time.

The fact that many of his inventions are still in use today, either in their original or a modified form, becomes even more incredible when it is considered that Walter Hunt was born in 1796, only 13 years after the end of the Revolutionary War.

His parents, devout Quakers, were farmers in Martinsburg, New York, then on the frontier; and from them he got most of his education. From an early age, Walter spent all his spare hours in the barn tinkering with machines and ideas. One day, still in his teens, he called his hard-working mother out to his workshop.

"Look what I have made thee," he said, pointing proudly.

His mother saw a contraption something like her spinning wheel, but vastly superior—and it could spin both flax and hemp. Walter had invented it to ease her work of clothing the family.

A FEW YEARS LATER, Hunt married Polly Loucks, a Quaker, and for the next decade stuck it out in Martinsburg as a farmer. Then, in 1825, he decided to move to New York and set up a factory to manufacture the spinning machine he'd invented for his mother.

Within a year, through no fault of the machine, Walter went bankrupt. Turning to real estate, he did fairly well, but his mind was always on inventing.

Crossing a street one day in 1827, he was almost run down by a stagecoach whose driver was whooping and hollering at people to get out of the way. Rushing home. Hunt spent the rest of the week casting an iron, dish-like device to which he attached a hammer and spring.

"It's a gong to warn pedestrians," he explained when he showed it to officials of the Asa Hall stagecoach line. "You bang it with your foot."

The company bought the gong outright and soon it became standard equipment on all stage lines. In Hunt's original form, it is still used today on trolleys.

With his profits from the gong, Hunt gave up real estate and devoted himself full time to inventing. For a downtown restaurant he devised the world's first steam table. Then came a kitchen knife sharpener with two sets of concentric blades.

In 1832, he tackled his greatest invention—the sewing machine. Barthélemy Thimmonier had already built sewing machines, but his could sew only a chain stitch—one broken thread and the entire seam came out.

Hunt realized that, to be practical, a sewing machine must sew a lock stitch. By 1834, he had invented his first workable model but, discouraged by his wife who felt it would put seamstresses out of work, Hunt never bothered to patent it.

Some time later, again hard-pressed for money, he sold his sewing machine to George Arrowsmith, a blacksmith, who also didn't patent or exploit it. Eventually it was destroyed in a fire in Arrowsmith's shop. Not until 1846 did Elias Howe patent his sewing machine and, when he did, it contained exactly the same principles as Hunt's machine invented 12 years previously.

Meanwhile, Hunt was busy on another project. A new, virtually smokeless type of coal was coming out of Pennsylvania called anthracite. Hunt figured it would be ideal for a home heating unit and in 1833 he invented his Globe Stove, designed to radiate heat equally in all directions.

Attempting to manufacture and market the stove himself, Hunt, as usual, failed. But less than a half-century later, after he had sold out completely, the Globe Stove became the most popular stove in the nation.

Among other things Hunt invented at this time was the self-closing inkwell, still standard equipment in all Government post offices. The inkwell started him thinking: why not a device with its own ink supply that could be carried in the pocket—in other words, a combination pen, inkwell and stand?

He quickly constructed such a device. And, writing up the patent in 1847, Hunt called it "a fountain pen."

He expected large profits, but his pen wasn't durable, and again he failed. Not until 37 years later, did Lewis Waterman come out with his fountain pen, and all Hunt got was the honor of having named it.

Still hard-pressed for funds, he invented his famous Antipodean Performers, suction shoes which enabled people to walk upside down on ceilings.

Then, in 1854, came his last great invention—the paper collar. Cheaper than the linen collar, it was also more durable.

This time, Hunt was determined to profit from his invention. For once his soft eyes hardened.

"I want a royalty on every collar sold until my patent runs out," he told the Union Paper Collar Company.

Hunt signed the contract feeling he would be rich at last. But, alas, paper collars didn't become popular until after the Civil War. Then, more than 400,000,000 collars a year were sold—but Hunt's patent had expired.

Finally, his last big chance came. Elias Howe, first to patent the sewing machine, discovered that several companies were illegally manufacturing machines like his. Howe sued, and his principal adversary, Isaac Singer, somehow found out about Hunt's sewing machine.

Singer called Hunt into his office. "We want you to build another machine—just like the one that was destroyed in the fire."

But the U. S. Commissioner of Patents ruled that, although Hunt had invented the sewing machine first, he lost all legal rights to it when he failed to patent it.

Soon afterward, Singer agreed to pay Howe royalties for the use of his patent and when the Howe patent came up for renewal several years later in 1858, Singer called Hunt into his office again. "We'll give you $50,000 for all claims against our machine. We don't want any trouble."

Tears clouded Hunt's eyes. He was to get his just reward at last. According to the agreement, he would receive $10,000 a year for five years.

But the misfortune that had dogged America's most obscure, if not greatest, inventor all his life didn't desert him here. In June 1859, before the first payment was made, he died. And, despite a lengthy legal battle, his heirs were never able to collect more than $10,000.

# All About Checks

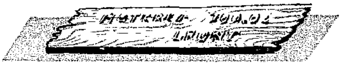
*by* Morton Yarmon

A CHECK is a written order directing a bank to pay out a certain sum of money under specified circumstances. For almost 3,000 years, checks have permitted us to do business without forcing us to handle currency. Almost all checks are written on special checkbook paper, but they need not be.

Through the years, checks have been written on many curious surfaces: on handkerchiefs, cigarette paper, calling cards, fragile valentines and newspapers.

One written on a hard-boiled-egg shell was cashed without trouble by the Canadian Bank of Commerce. A Midwestern lumberman made out so many checks on his own brand of shingle that his bank had to construct a special type of file cabinet for them. A contractor in Memphis once settled his weekly payroll by drawing on the bank with slabs of wood.

A sailor in San Diego was plagued with requests for money from home. He engraved a check on a piece of battleship plate with a blow torch and sent it home, confident the annoying requests would now stop. At the end of the month, though, the steel check came back with the rest of his canceled checks, with a proper endorsement—also made with a blow torch!



Somewhat similar is the tale of the solid steel check the size of a small headstone that was carried into the Cleveland Trust Company by two men in 1932. The teller handed over $7,500, then called bankguards, who carted the oversized check outside and canceled it with submachine-gun bullets. The check is now in the world-famous "Chase Manhattan Bank Museum of Moneys of the World."

The Internal Revenue Service recently received a check for $0.00 from a citizen who felt he owed Uncle Sam nothing, but still wanted to send a check at income-tax time.

A half-cent check was once drawn on the Guarantee Trust Company of Atlantic City to settle an account. The bank then had to persuade the drawer to write a check for another half-cent when it found it couldn't audit the fraction.

Sears Roebuck and Company has

one-cent checks printed in advance, ready to go to customers who overpay a penny on their orders.

The largest check ever written was for $7,500,000,000, transferring Federal money at the end of the 1948 fiscal year from one account to another so the U.S. Treasury could balance its books.

A Christmas greeting check idea backfired two years ago when Julius Malkin, owner of a Cleveland dress shop, sent out Christmas cards in the form of a check to 3,000 customers. Drawn on "The Bank of Friends," it promised 365 days of happiness in the coming new year.

One customer thought it was a real check for $365 and used it to pay a bill. Unhappily, she found she had to make the "check" good.

Uncashed checks often raise havoc with accounting books. Alvan T. Fuller of Massachusetts refused to cash $80,646.94 in checks he had received as Governor, Lieutenant Governor and member of the House of Representatives, writing across the back of each: "Canceled and left to my son as a souvenir of my public service."

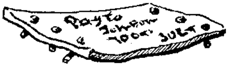
These wonderful pieces of paper, as we know them today, had their origin among the goldsmiths of London in the 17th century, although history records checks as far back as the 9th century B.C. The first printed check was issued in 1762 by the House of Child, a firm that is still doing business today in London.

The travelers check was developed in 1891 by J. C. Fargo, then president of the American Express Company, after he returned from a trip to Europe exasperated by the difficulties of cashing letters of credit.

A check marked "insufficient funds" by the Great Mahaiwe Bank of Great Barrington, Massachusetts, turned out to have been given in payment for a booklet titled, "How to Balance Your Budget." A check drawn to "The East Bank of the Mississippi" was cashed by an unsuspecting store in Memphis, Tennessee.

Is a check valid if (a) it's written on Sunday; (b) it's in pencil; (c) it's predated (dated some time ahead)? The answer is yes in each case, although bankers try to discourage (b) and (c).

If you hang on to a check after receiving it, you face the danger of its becoming "stale." This is the word bankers use when they mean that they won't pay right away but first will ask the writer if he still wants his check to be honored. When does a check become stale? Some states say six months, others a year. But most of them are vague on this point.



Incidentally, Mrs. Ivy Baker Priest, Treasurer of the U.S., couldn't get a New York department store to cash her check recently even after she wrote out her signature and had the employees compare it with her signature on a dollar bill!

# THE STORY OF THE

### Founded by a handful of white damned, defended, feared and

by Calvin Kytle

YES, the woman told police—yes, she knew who did it. It was a man named George Richardson who'd been working in the neighborhood. A colored man. He'd beaten and raped her.

A special grand jury was called. Now the white woman said it hadn't been George Richardson but a white man. Only she wouldn't give his name. That, she said, wouldn't be proper.

In spite of her admission, a mob went after George Richardson.

Warned, an alert and fearful mayor whisked Richardson and his Negro cellmate, an accused murderer, to a nearby town. When the mob found out what had taken place, they felt cheated and there was no stopping them.

First they wrecked the restaurant of a man whose car was supposed to have carried the Negroes to safety. Then they proceeded methodically to destroy Negro businesses and drive Negro families from their homes.

They set fire to a barber shop and lynched the Negro barber in his back yard. They were dragging his body through the streets when the state militia stopped them with gunfire.

The next night a fresh mob decided to make an example of an 84-year-old Negro; he'd been married to a white woman for 30 years. They lynched him within a block of the State House.

By the time order was restored, 5,000 militiamen were patrolling the streets. They counted six dead (two Negro, four white) and 70 injured.

In its cause and casualties, the race riot of 1908 was like a number of others that rocked America during the early part of this century. It differed, however, in two important particulars:

First, it had taken place in Springfield, Illinois, the home of Abraham

# NAACP

**citizens 47 years ago, this militant champion of Negro rights is revered. What is its long-range strategy? What does it really want?**

Lincoln, the Great Emancipator.

Second, it shocked a handful of white people into organizing the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

Today, the NAACP is one of the most talked-about organizations in the country, though comparatively few have any knowledge of its history, its motives or its methods. For 47 years it has been a militant defender of Negro rights. Yet, outside its own membership, its name had little public significance until, ruling on cases NAACP's lawyers had brought, the U.S. Supreme Court in 1954 outlawed segregation in the public schools.

Since then, the five initials have come to stand for almost everything connected with the integration movement and the resistance to it. The fact that many times the NAACP has only participated after the fact, or merely been loud in the cheering section, makes no difference.

To thousands of whites in the Deep South it has become the unmistakable enemy. A network of White Citizens Councils (300 chapters in Mississippi alone) has sprung up to fight it. South Carolina has passed a law prohibiting public employees from holding NAACP membership. In Louisiana, a 1924 law originally aimed at the Ku Klux Klan has been revived in an effort to suppress NAACP activity altogether.

The president of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce charges that its "meddling" has brought to "a jarring halt the encouraging progress that was being made toward good will between the races." Almost every newspaper editor below the Mason-Dixon Line, and quite a few above, laments the NAACP's "extremist position" and pleads vaguely that it not "push too hard" or "move too fast."

Also, at least one White Council

leader has tried to pin rock-and-roll music on the NAACP. "A plot to infiltrate and corrupt teen-agers," he called it.

AMONG THE WRITERS covering that Springfield riot back in 1908 was a well-to-do Kentuckian named William English Walling. Sickened and outraged, he wrote an impassioned article for a popular liberal weekly, *The Independent*, describing the Negroes' plight and ending with this appeal: "What large and powerful body of citizens is ready to come to their aid?"

Within a few days, he got an answer from a New York social worker, Miss Mary White Ovington. These two, together with a prominent leader of immigrant groups, Dr. Henry Moskowitz, started planning the NAACP in January, 1909, with a meeting in Walling's New York apartment. What was needed, they decided, was "a revival of the Abolitionist spirit."

Appropriately, they launched the revival on Lincoln's 100th birthday, with a call for a national conference on the race problem. The call was written by Oswald Garrison Villard, president of the *New York Evening Post*. It read in part:

"If Mr. Lincoln could revisit this country in the flesh, he would learn that Georgia had rounded out a new confederacy by disfranchising the Negro after the manner of all other Southern States. He would see the black men and women, for whose freedom 100,000 soldiers gave their lives, set apart in trains in which they pay first-class fares for third-class services, and segregated in railway stations and in places of entertainment; he would observe that state after state declines to do its elementary duty in preparing the Negro through education for the best exercise of citizenship.

"Silence under these conditions means tacit approval. The indifference of the North is already responsible for more than one assault upon democracy, and every such attack reacts as unfavorably upon whites as upon blacks. Discrimination once permitted cannot be bridled; recent history in the South shows that in forging chains for the Negroes the white voters are forging chains for themselves. This government cannot exist half-slave and half-free any better today than it could in 1861."

Accompanying Villard's call was a distinguished roster of 53 American liberals—among them John Dewey, Jane Addams, Samuel Bowles, William Lloyd Garrison, William Dean Howells, Rev. John Haynes Holmes, J. G. Phelps Stokes, Lincoln Steffens, Rabbi Stephen Wise. Only six of the signers were Negroes.

The call brought results. The proposed conference was held in May and out of it came a working committee of 40 which busied itself with passing out pamphlets, holding mass meetings and signing up members. A year later, the committee joined forces with a small but aggressive Negro group known as the Niagara Movement.

By 1910, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People had formally come into being. National officers were elected (all but one of them white), an office was set up in rent-free space in the *Evening Post* building, and before the year was out its volunteer lawyers had won their first case: they forced Asbury Park, N. J., police to free a Negro falsely accused of murder.

THE NAACP's long-run objective has always been plainly stated—to win full equality for the Negro as an American citizen. Its specific aims, loosely summarized, have been:

1. Anti-lynching legislation.
2. Federal protection of the right to vote.
3. Equality of educational opportunity.
4. Equality of opportunity to work in all fields with equal pay for equal work.
5. Abolition of courtroom and police practices which discriminate against the Negro.
6. An end to racial segregation in public facilities.

This simple objective—protection of the Negro's Constitutional rights—has been pursued by an equally simple strategy and with almost incredible single-mindedness. The NAACP has never been sidetracked into charitable, social-service or legal-aid society work. Its program never embodied economic reforms. Nor has the association ever been seriously menaced by Communists.

In fact, over the years, its refusal to cope with economic issues has probably brought it more criticism than any other thing it has done, or not done.

*The Daily Worker* has attacked it repeatedly, branding the policy a betrayal of the lower-class Negro. Less doctrinaire critics, both Negro and white, have regarded it sadly as a sign of anemia and faulty intelligence. Although they are beginning to change their minds, many students of reform used to maintain vigorously that legal gains for the Negro mean almost nothing unless accompanied by a revolution in the Southern economy.

NAACP leaders have always hewed to the basic conviction that, in the long fight for equality, the law itself was their best weapon. And, to date, the policy has proved remarkably successful.

NAACP lawyers took their first case to the Supreme Court in 1915, challenging the constitutionality of a neat little vote-rigging device known as the Grandfather Clause. No Negro in the South had a chance of voting as long as the Clause could be invoked because it based eligibility at the polls on the voting status of a citizen's ancestors prior to 1866. In effect, Negroes were told that since their grandparents didn't have the right to vote, neither did they.

When the Supreme Court declared the Grandfather Clause unconstitutional, the NAACP won the first of 42 notable decisions. As a result of such victories, Negroes are now voting in almost all states except Mississippi; the Jim Crow car has disappeared from interstate travel; golf courses and public recreation facilities have been desegregated; 2,000 Negroes are studying in Southern colleges from which, prior to 1950, they were barred; and at least 250,000 colored boys and girls are attending formerly all-white schools.

Most significantly, with the famous school desegregation order, which nullified the old "separate-but-equal" doctrine, the NAACP seems to have knocked out the legal props to *all* forms of racial segregation.

In Washington, the association has shown its strength often enough to make most Congressmen respectful. Nevertheless, Southern Democrats have always been able to defeat civil-rights bills by resorting to filibuster, and the association's lobbying activities in behalf of anti-lynching, anti-poll-tax and fair-employment practices laws have thus been valuable mostly for their educational impact.

This, however, has been considerable. The last lynching reported was in 1947; the poll tax has been repealed in all but five states; and 15 states have now adopted job equality laws.

WITH SOME GROUNDS for confidence, the organization has now set 1963—the 100th anniversary of the Emancipation Proclamation—as the target date for "the complete elimination of all vestiges of second-class citizenship." Exactly what this entails is clear from a sampling of resolutions adopted at the 1955 annual meeting:

"We shall continue to push for enactment of FEPC laws . . . work with trade unions to secure non-discrimination clauses in their contracts . . . use our organized purchasing power to make more jobs available.

"The NAACP will continue and intensify its efforts to have public assistance withdrawn from any housing development which restricts occupancy upon the basis of race, color, religion or national origin.

"The NAACP already is engaged in a drive to secure 3,000,000 Negro voters in the South by the 1956 presidential election. Field workers will be assigned . . . lawyers will be available."

Such objectives now have the weight of a mass movement. But it is only comparatively recently that this could be said. Throughout the 1920s, the NAACP's board remained white-dominated and its membership almost exclusively Northern. Most of its Negro membership was among intellectuals and professional people — so much so that it was known by many working-class Negroes as the "National Association for the Advancement of *Certain* People."

In the South, membership was spotty and virtually underground. To white Southerners who knew of it, the NAACP was a dangerous and radical influence, a "meddlesome" outfit run by a noisy clique of New Yorkers. Negroes generally did not risk the white boss' displeasure by joining.

Most white Southerners saw the NAACP either in the image or the shadow of one man—Walter White, who served as executive secretary from 1930 until his death last year. White's naggings at Congressional hearings, his newspaper articles, his relentless and brazenly frontal attack on Southern traditions, made him a constant irritant.

As recently as 1942, the NAACP's total membership was only 85,000. But after World War II, membership started booming, so that today, the NAACP has over 300,000 members and 1,300 branches in 43 states, with 45 per cent of the membership and 68 per cent of the branches in the South. Most of the present members are middle-class and lower-class Negroes. Whites now represent less than ten per cent of the total membership figure.

The organization's national headquarters occupies two and a half stories in the Wendell Willkie Memorial in New York City. In addition, it maintains a legislative bureau in Washington and three regional offices: in Birmingham, Dallas and San Francisco. It has 96 paid staff members, a few of them white.

25 MINUTES TO LIVE
The deadly cobra struck as Japanese mortar shells burst all around. The soldier lay writhing in agony—with just seconds left to make his decision.
IN SEPTEMBER CORONET

Last year the national office took in $634,765, a far cry from the $35,000 a year it operated on in the 30's. Its branches raised an additional $331,000 and its Legal Defense and Educational Fund, which operates on a separate budget, collected $213,840. Total for 1955: $1,179,605.

Most of this money came from the rank and file, whose $2 dues are split between the branches and the national office. Sale of NAACP Christmas seals brought in more than $44,000, and the rest was made up of special contributions and $500 life memberships.

Contributions to the NAACP proper are not tax exempt because of its position as a registered lobbyist in Washington. But gifts to the Legal Fund are, and among the heavier contributors last year were the Fund for the Republic ($50,000) and the Philip Murray Memorial Foundation ($75,000).

Life members in the NAACP are identified on a bronze plaque in the national headquarters' reception room. Some of the more prominent ones: Marshall Field, Arthur Godfrey, Horace Heidt, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Wendell Willkie (he gave $5,000 of his royalties from "One World"), Richard Rodgers and Jawaharlal Nehru.

By tradition, the NAACP's president is a white man. Since 1940 he has been Arthur B. Spingarn, a New York lawyer long active in civil-liberties circles. Chairman of the board is Dr. Channing Tobias, a former YMCA official who is widely thought of as the elder Negro statesman.

But in the public mind, NAACP today is largely personified by Thurgood Marshall, its special counsel, and Roy Wilkins, its executive secretary. Marshall, 47, is a tall, vigorous six-footer, who joined the NAACP staff in 1936, became special counsel in 1938, and has appeared before the Supreme Court to argue 16 cases. He's won 14.

He directs a staff of five lawyers which normally handles about 300 cases a year. At last count, Marshall's office had 20 cases in the works against segregated schools in eight Southern states. Some critics, many formerly friendly, see this as a sign of recklessness. "The South," they say, "needs a cooling-off period."

Thurgood Marshall, a patient and

cautious man, answers: "We waited two years after the Court decision. Today we face eight Southern states that refuse to move. We are left with a clear choice: to seek court action or to abandon the fight. We have no choice. We will not go fast; we cannot go slow. We follow the Court's orders; we move with 'deliberate speed.' "

Marshall is commonly acknowledged to be the NAACP's chief strategist, but Wilkins is undoubtedly the man who keeps the organization running. An extremely youthful 54, Wilkins has been with the NAACP for 25 years and has earned a reputation for being a particularly agile administrator. He was graduated in 1923 from the University of Minnesota and was for eight years managing editor of the *Kansas City Call,* a Negro weekly.

Wilkins admits to being "burned up" over charges that the NAACP is "extremist" and "hot-headed." He says, "We couldn't file a single suit now on the school segregation issue unless we had petitions first from Negro parents in the local communities. I don't know why, but this seems to come as quite a shock to a lot of white leaders, especially those who've been claiming Southern Negroes want, or will accept, voluntary segregation.

"We've never yet started any violence. All we're asking is that the Federal law be carried out. Is this extreme?"

Nobody can quarrel with Wilkins' reliance on law. But many sympathizers believe it is now time for the NAACP to supplement law with Gandhi. Evidence of this comes from the success of the passive resistance employed in the boycott of the public busses in Montgomery, Alabama, last spring. And which may be precisely what the NAACP means to do.

## Tricky Trios

**(Answers to quiz on page 87)**

1. George Washington—Washington Irving—Irving Berlin. 2. Upton Sinclair—Sinclair Lewis—Lewis Strauss. 3. Harold Lloyd—Lloyd Douglas—Douglas MacArthur. 4. Victor Herbert—Herbert Marshall—Marshall Field. 5. Benedict Arnold—Arnold Bennett—Bennett Cerf. 6. George Byron—Byron Nelson—Nelson Rockefeller. 7. Pearl Buck—Buck Rogers—Rogers Hornsby. 8. Robert Fulton—Fulton Lewis, Jr.—Lewis Carroll. 9. Grover Alexander—Alexander Hamilton—Hamilton Basso. 10. O. Henry—Henry Ford—Ford Frick. 11. Sylvia Sidney—Sidney Howard—Howard Hughes. 12. William Dean—Dean Martin—Martin Van Buren. 13. Harry James—James Dean—Dean Acheson. 14. Bernard Montgomery—Montgomery Ward—Ward McAllister. 15. Mary Martin—Martin Luther—Luther Burbank. 16. William James—James Farley—Farley Granger. 17. Danny Thomas—Thomas Jefferson—Jefferson Davis. 18. John L. Lewis—Lewis Douglas—Douglas Fairbanks. 19. Les Paul—Paul Douglas—Douglas McKay. 20. Anne Frank—Frank Buck—Buck Jones. 21. Amy Lowell—Lowell Thomas—Thomas Edison. 22. Walter George—George Allen—Allen Dulles. 23. Arlene Francis—Francis Xavier—Xavier Cugat.

# The Strike That Made a President

by Eli Waldron

**Gov. Coolidge set foot on the path to the White House when he stamped out the riot that raged after Boston police walked off the job in 1919**

The trouble had been building up in Boston for months. In August, 1919, it came to a head when most of the police force, complaining of low pay and poor working conditions, formed the Policeman's Union and announced its affiliation with the American Federation of Labor.

Staid Boston was horrified; and Police Commissioner Edwin U. Curtis, after a departmental trial, dismissed eight of the ringleaders and suspended others. They received little sympathy, due mainly to the anti-union, anti-Bolshevist feeling that was then running high throughout the country.

On Tuesday, September 9, the Policeman's Union retaliated. At 5:45 P.M., a good three-quarters of the force turned in guns and badges and went on strike. Moments later, the lawless element—and it was utterly amazing how many Bostonians had some larceny or mayhem in their hearts—took over the city.

All afternoon, crowds had been gathering outside police stations in South Boston, the West End, the North End and downtown. And now, as the officers left the stations, the crowds suddenly turned into hooting, jeering mobs that followed them, throwing rocks and mud. The only police spared this degradation were the few sergeants and higher officers who had remained on duty.

With darkness, the mobs turned their attention to the city the police had now left open to them.

Probably the first act of outright terrorism occurred on Broadway, in South Boston. Here, a gang of hood-

**Wearing an identifying armband, a civilian volunteer directs traffic near the Boston Common. The State Militia was forced to open up with machine-gun fire here before it could disperse a howling, battling, crap-shooting mob. More than 200 hoodlums were arrested and taken to Somerset Prison.**

lums broke the window of the Mohegan Market, grabbed eggs and tomatoes and began to hurl them at passers-by. Across the street, another gang began methodically to break windows in store after store.

One proprietor held off a gang with stones while his wife phoned for help. It finally arrived in the form of Superintendent of Police Crowley and a squad of sergeants who had remained on duty. Firing a few shots into the air, they dispersed the rioters.

In Roxbury, gangs had begun to form and roam the streets. They, too, started breaking windows in stores and stealing or destroying whatever was at hand. One hoodlum wound up by shooting a streetcar conductor.

In the West End, a howling mob marched through Court and Harvard streets and Bowdoin Square. Frantic calls to hard-pressed Superintendent Crowley finally broke this up. But meanwhile, pillaging and burning had started elsewhere.

At ten o'clock, the State Police were rushed in to club the rioters. At midnight, the Provost Guard from the Navy Yard was summoned. With their arrival and the setting up of street barricades, peace was temporarily restored.

It was estimated at this time that 85 per cent of the police force was on strike. In the words of one observer: "It was as though the city had instantaneously been transported back to some primitive, barbaric and unimaginable age."

BOSTON had not been unaware of the possibility of trouble. A call for volunteers had gone out in late August. At Harvard, Professor Edwin Hall, in a letter to the *Boston Herald* on August 27, called on his students to: "Come back from your vacations, young men; there is sport and diversion for you right here in Boston." And President Lowell of Harvard, in a public notice, stated: "Any man willing to offer his personal services or who can furnish a motorcar or motorcycle with or without sidecar should report at once to 2 University Hall . . ."

Many students returned from their vacations to volunteer for police duty. World War I veterans enrolled, as did numbers of private citizens. It was an ill-organized force, but the situation had grown desperate so swiftly its services were now needed almost immediately.

The sun rose Wednesday morning on a strange scene of broken windows, the contents of stores strewn about the street, smoldering fires, and military with rifles and bayonets. The gangs had retired temporarily but by noon they were back again, joined by curious crowds.

The worst fighting occurred in Scollay Square. Here, close to Police Headquarters, a mob attacked volunteer policemen with clubs and stones. A student volunteer was killed, a woman shot and several policemen knocked unconscious.

Mayor Peters called for the 10th Regiment of the State Guard and notified Governor Calvin Coolidge of the need for additional forces. Coolidge promptly ordered out three regiments.

A pitched battle was raging when the troops began to converge on the city. Boston had gone completely berserk now. While fighting continued in Scollay Square, a mob collected on Boston Common, setting up crap games and fighting among themselves.

When a cavalry charge broke up the riot in Scollay Square momentarily, a new battle began on Avery Street, involving 2,000 people. Hundreds were beaten, several killed.

Brigadier General Samuel D. Parker, in command of the State Guard, set up headquarters in the Commonwealth Armory near the Back Bay railway station. Machine guns were mounted at all police stations.

An infantry charge with fixed bayonets ended the bloody battle in Avery Street, but it took machine-gun fire and the arrest of two or three hundred hoodlums to quiet the affray on the Common.

A Secret Service report was received at General Parker's headquarters that criminal elements were heading for Boston from Philadelphia, New York and elsewhere. It was later proved false.

However, when three dapper gentlemen from New York stepped off the train at the Back Bay station late that afternoon, they were given a rough going over by waiting volunteer policemen and hauled off to Somerset Prison. The gentlemen's names were "Clamjuice" Johnson, "Fighting Phil" Fantasio and Edward "Boomer" Smith. But the three were proved guilty of nothing but curiosity and were set free.

That Wednesday night remains an eerie one in the memory of Boston citizens of the time. The city was literally an armed camp, with the rattle of machine-gun fire breaking out sporadically. Mobs roamed the principal thoroughfares while

**Stern-faced Coolidge at governor's house.**

gangs of teen-agers took over the back streets, breaking windows and assaulting pedestrians. The battle of Scollay Square still surged.

In the Back Bay district, the homes of the wealthy were heavily guarded. Many had already sent their valuables off to nearby cities. The banks, too, had smuggled money and jewelry away to Springfield and Worcester. Most of the banks were barricaded, with searchlights set up on neighboring rooftops.

There were about 7,000 Guards and volunteers protecting the city now, but still the rioting continued. On one street, a truck backed through a store window and thieves loaded $10,000 worth of merchandise into it. Numberless persons were robbed and women were brutally assaulted everywhere.

Two women, pursued by a mob, sought refuge in City Hospital. Their pursuers were driven back only by the presence of two policemen who were bringing in a wounded man.

In Scollay Square, a coal truck was seized and, with this fresh ammunition, the rioting broke out anew. A group of Harvard volunteers were forced back into Police Headquarters near the Square by the mob, the building stoned and most of its windows broken. By noon, Thursday, the entire State Guard of Massachusetts had been mobilized and Governor Coolidge asked the Army and Navy to stand by in case of need. Boston's private war still continued, with 7 dead and 60 wounded, but order was gradually being restored.

In the meantime, public opinion decried the action of the Boston policemen. Governor Coolidge stated: "The men are deserters. This is not a strike. These men were public officials. There can be no arbitration of government and law." In a typically laconic message to Samuel Gompers, president of the AFL, he said, "The right of the police in Boston to affiliate has always been questioned, never granted. It is now prohibited."

By Friday, violence had ceased almost entirely and the people of Boston began to clean up the debris.

On Friday evening, the striking policemen met and voted to return to duty. But Coolidge, with true Yankee stubbornness, refused to take them back; and Commissioner Curtis announced that a new police force would be recruited from World War I veterans.

Gompers then appealed by telegram on behalf of the strikers. Coolidge's answer has become a classic.

"Replying to your telegram," he said, "I have already refused to remove the Police Commissioner. I did not appoint him . . . There is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, anytime."

Four years later, obstinate, silent Cal became the 30th President of the United States.

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*Teeth: Their Structure and Care* *(Grades 7-12)*

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*Safe Driving: Fundamental Skills* *Grades (10-12)*

*Safe Driving: Streets and Highways* *Grades (10-12)*

*Safe Driving: Advanced Skills and Problems* *(Grades 10-12)*

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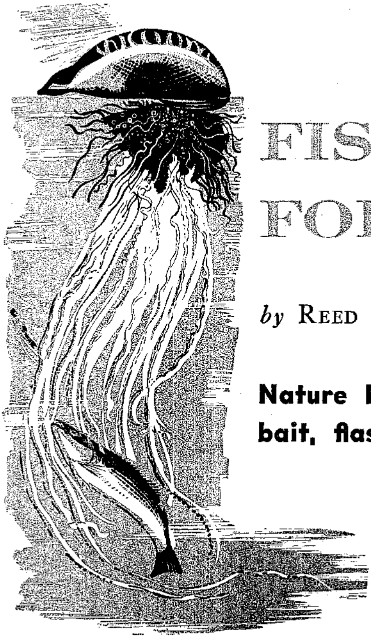

# FISH THAT FISH FOR OTHER FISH

*by* Reed Millard

**Nature has endowed them with fishing rods, bait, flashlights—and even chemical weapons**

Fish that fish for other fish? Incredible as it may seem, researchers at such organizations as the International Oceanographic Foundation at Miami vouch for the fact that this is no "fish story." Some creatures of the deep do use devices and wiles that enable them to take their prey as artfully as any human angler.

There are about 12 families of finned fishermen, appropriately called the angler fish, which have a variety of ways of catching other fish. Watch one type of angler fish in action on the sandy bottom of a Florida bay. You see a fish about four feet long lying lazily there, his big mouth closed. To the schools of smaller fish swimming by he appears interested only in taking his ease. So they eye the fat wriggling worm floating just above and ahead of him.

Now watch the sudden flurry of action. A fish passerby swims closer and snaps at the worm, only to find himself downed in one quick gulp by the angler fish.

His strange bait is actually a wriggling, worm-like protuberance on his dorsal fin. Close examination of the fin discloses the astonishing fact that it is equipped with a flexible, and usually expandable, rod that is a miniature of a man-made jointed fish pole. The "worm" is the tip of the rod. A hook is not needed, since its purpose is solely to draw unwary fish within range of that over-sized mouth.

Another angler fish uses a different lure from nature's tackle box. A denizen of deep water which sunlight does not penetrate, his problem is to attract fish in total darkness.

But exactly how does he solve it?

At the tip of the rod that extends from his dorsal fin is a colorful ball that glows with a ghostly radiance. In the black depths, scientists calculate that it is visible for many yards. Light has a special attraction for fish and, in this case, when they swim over to investigate, they come into easy range of the waiting angler.

Even without any fancy lures, the angler has a remarkable fish-catching device in his incredible mouth. It is so big that it can be used as a trap. When the fish lies with it open, unwary smaller fish will swim right into it.

Anglers have been known to catch and swallow victims twice their own size. Once an angler has caught another fish, he has no choice but to swallow it, for his teeth are cunningly bent inward and act like barbs. Frequently, angler fish are killed by efforts to down meals three times their own size.

A catfish of the Nile River in Africa uses a highly unsporting means of capturing its prey. The catfish is equipped with a device which generates electricity. When he sees a fish which has just caught another fish, the electric catfish swims up to him. A single touch of his electrified snout and the stunned victim gives up his newly caught meal to the thieving catfish.

The electric ray has an even easier way of shocking his victims. On his sides are a number of electricity-producing cells which can create an electrified zone around him. He lies calmly in wait until a fish swims into the chargeable area around him and is shocked into helplessness.

No creature has such an astounding assortment of angling gear as the jelly-fish-like *Physalia,* known as the Portuguese man-of-war. The ruthless *Physalia* employs a lethal combination of ingenious tackle, murderous chemical warfare and a remarkable working partnership with a small fish, the *Nomeus.*

The deadly sequence starts as this innocent-looking little *Nomeus* swims about, apparently aimlessly, in the vicinity of the man-of-war. A bigger fish, seeing this tempting and seemingly defenseless morsel, makes a grab for it.

The *Nomeus* darts away with an unexpected burst of speed, straight toward a tangle of seaweed-like tentacles that hang down from the man-of-war. The larger fish plunges recklessly after it, into these harmless-looking streamers. In a fraction of a second he is paralyzed and the fiendish tentacles are drawing him in to be consumed by the hungry man-of-war.

What happened to him as he plunged into the streamers is a process that astounds and mystifies scientists who consider it one of nature's deadliest mechanisms. The tentacles are studded with tiny pear-shaped capsules. Sheathed in each capsule is a compressed hair.

The instant any creature touches one of the capsules, this hair shoots out like a harpoon, its sharp point penetrating the body of the victim. Through the hair flows a powerful acid which has the power to paralyze the creature into which it is thus injected.

Careless researchers working too close to the man-of-war have had reason to respect its power. For so great is the force of the driven threads that they can easily puncture human skin. When they do, the victim may be doubled up in violent spasms and enter a state of shock like that associated with a severe wound or concussion.

But why do these deadly hairs, which respond so instantly and savagely to the slightest touch by any other creature, let the *Nomeus* go unscathed? Actually, the *Nomeus* can be harmed by the *Physalia's* sting. And when this happens, it dies as quickly as any other fish. The difference, however, is that the *Nomeus* seems to be especially adapted for dodging the tentacles of the *Physalia.*

He takes the chance because, when the man-of-war captures and eats a fish which the *Nomeus* has lured into his trap, the little decoy fish gets the scraps from the man-of-war's meal.

POST OFFICE

## Ingenuity

A YOUNG MOTHER with a husky baby in her arms stood in line in a Los Angeles post office. When her turn came, she held up the infant saying: "Will you weigh him, please?"

The clerk accepted the child, somewhat flabbergasted, weighed him and handed him back to his mother announcing: "Seventeen pounds, ten ounces."

"Thank you so much," said the mother and sauntered out.

A HOUSEWIFE, ordering a pound of coffee beans and two pounds of dried peas, instructed the clerk: "And mix them together, please." Then to his astonishment she explained: "Tomorrow my five children are having a holiday from school. It looks like rain, and if it does rain I'm going to have them separate the peas from the coffee beans."

—*Cappers Weekly*

OUR HIGH-SCHOOL TEACHER, trying to impress upon us the importance of a large vocabulary, said that if we used a word ten times it would be ours for life.

At that, the girl sitting next me closed her eyes and began chanting, "Artie, Artie, Artie, Artie, Artie . . ."

—MARILYN KLEIN

**PHOTO CREDITS:** 6 MGM; 8 top Universal-International, bottom 20th Century-Fox; 16 Three Lions; 27 Wide World; 39, 41 Peter Smith from Stratford Festival Theatre; 45 Gene Cook from Black Star; 46 Photo Geo Grono; 47 Wide World; 48-9 Peter Basch; 51 Baron from PIX; 52 Sven-Costa Johansson from Gamma; 53 A.F.I.; 54-5 Don Ornitz from Globe; 57 Wide World; 59 ABC-TV; 99 INP; 101 Wide World; 103, 107 top, 108 Lord, Pinney, Henle from Monkmeyer; 104-5, 107 bottom Carroll Seghers from *The Lamp* from Standard Oil (N.J.); 106 Barney Cowherd from Gamma; 110-11, 113 bottom Wide World; 113 top INP; 115-117 NBC-TV; 120-130 Kay Harris; 147-8 INP; 149 Brown Brothers.

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# The Best Is Yet

*by* Richard L. Evans

SUPPOSE WE presume that the worst we fear were actually going to happen. Suppose that civilization were surely doomed. Suppose that all men and all moral and material values were going to be wiped off the earth. Suppose that all these fearful suppositions were true! Even if they were, what could we possibly lose if we continued building for the future? And what could we gain if we were to give up in dark despondency?

Let's put it another way: Suppose that a man had been told he had only a year to live. Would he be smart to live as if he were already dead—and so lose the year he might have had, and maybe much more? Or would he be smart to live as if he were very much alive—to do the things he has always enjoyed and to seek even more rewarding experiences? Now mind you, it is not to be conceded that the uncertainties we fear will certainly befall us. But suppose they would.

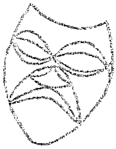
Suppose a year from now, five years from now, twenty-five years from now, all would be over. Suppose all this were true. Yet wouldn't we be better off by living as if life were going on, rather than by living as if all were over?

Perhaps no man who has seen much of life has escaped his days of deep despondency. Despondency is one of the most dangerous diseases that the world faces or has ever had to face, and it isn't always easy to lift ourselves out of it. But even if the worst were true, even if the end of all things were a certainty, what could we gain by living as if there weren't going to be a future? And what could we lose by living as if there were?

Life without faith in the future would be all but meaningless. There has always been a future—and there are providential purposes that prevail, despite the foolishness of men and the forces they set in motion. Anyone who has any regard for his own future, and for the future of his family, will fight against the false feeling of despair that can so easily envelop any of us, knowing that there is a future worth living for and worth working for.

From *Tonic for Our Times*, by Richard L. Evans. Copyright, 1952, by the author, and published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

# Human Comedy



SEATED AT THE TABLE next us in the dining room of a busy Michigan hotel was a fine-looking man and his two grown sons. They became so engrossed on a hot business discussion they were oblivious to the fact that they had raised their voices and we were interested listeners.

"Look, boys," the old man finally said in some exasperation. "I start in this country with a push cart, yes? So now I am driving two Cadillacs and Mama has a Jaguar. So why should I be taking inventory? I *know* how I'm doing!"

—MYRTLE WILEY

IN A CALIFORNIA COURTROOM recently a Federal Judge asked an alien, already twice deported, why he did not just stay in Mexico and avoid any further trouble with the law.

"But in Mexico, Your Honor, there are difficulties."

"Don't you think when you come into this country illegally and are facing a jail sentence there are difficulties here too?"

The culprit shrugged philosophically. "Si, Your Honor," he agreed, "but in these United States even the difficulties are better."

—MRS. DOROTHY MC DONALD

A POLICE CAR, cruising along a New York street late one night not long ago, received the following radio call: "Car 15. Go to Third Avenue and 89th Street. Nude woman running up and down the avenue. That is all."

There was a short pause. Then the voice came through again, with this afterthought: "All other cars stay on your beats. That is all."

—*A.M.A. Journal*

FOR MORE than a year, a Dallas store had in its window a big sign: "Going Out of Business."

One night someone lettered under it: "Promises! Promises! Promises!"

—*Asbury Park Press*

TOURISTS IN Yellowstone National Park stood watching the spectacular eruption of Old Faithful as she shot up her tower of steam right on schedule. One couple seemed especially impressed. "Gee," exclaimed the wife, "do they have this show at night, too?"

—THELMA L. BEACH

WHEN ST. FINBAR'S CATHEDRAL was being built in Cork, the foreman caught a workman cutting tiles for the spire a bit on the rough side.

"It won't do," says he, shaking his head.

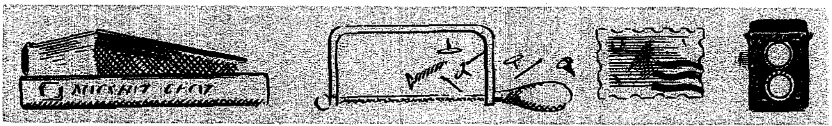
"Why?" says the workman. "Sure 'tis going up 200 feet and no one but the crows will see it."

"God will see it," says the foreman seriously, "an' He's particular."

—*Sweet Cork of Thee,* ROBERT GIBBINGS (Dutton)

# Coronet Family Shopper

Coronet invites its readers to shop comfortably and profitably in the columns below. Each month you will find here offerings of products, services, educational and sales opportunities that may be of interest and value to you.



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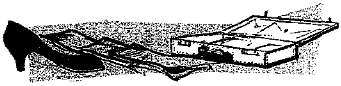

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*Continued on next page*

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*(School and College Directory on next page)*

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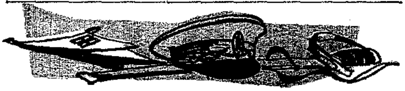

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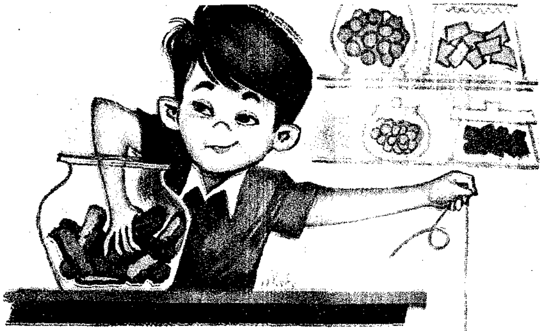


*by* WILL BERNARD

FEW ENDEAVORS trigger such ingenuity in the human mind as the search for legal loopholes. In Kentucky, a man convicted of housebreaking won a reversal because a window had been open—so he didn't have to break anything to get in.

A North Carolinian, having shot and killed a man standing across the border in Tennessee, treated the law to a double Houdini. First, he eluded conviction in North Carolina by arguing that the murder occurred in Tennessee—where the bullet found its victim. Then, when Tennessee tried to extradite him as a fugitive from justice, he pointed out that he couldn't be a "fugitive" because he'd never been in Tennessee. Result: with both states roadblocked, he literally got away with murder.

But in terms of barefaced ingenuity, the coup of an Iowa schoolboy ranks with the best. The proprietor was in the rear of his candy store when a boy walked in. Alerted by something in the boy's manner, the proprietor remained where he was and watched.

On the counter stood a jar of five-cent candy bars and beside it a coin box, with a slot in the lid, for customers to serve themselves.

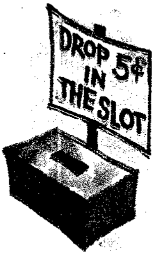
Stepping up to the counter, the boy pulled a nickel and a piece of thread from his pocket. Tying the thread around the nickel, he carefully let it down through the slot in the coin box. Then, just as carefully, he drew the nickel back up again. After that, he took a candy bar out of the glass jar and put it in his pocket.

While the proprietor watched in amazement, the boy repeated exactly the same procedure until the jar was empty. Then he started to leave—his pockets bulging with candy.

At that, the proprietor rushed out, seized the boy, and hailed a passing policeman. The trio went off to court along with the candy jar and the coin box as evidence of the crime.

But at the proper time, the boy was ready with an ingenious defense. He indicated the sign pasted on the front of the coin box and read it aloud: "DROP A NICKEL IN THE SLOT." Then he pointed out innocently: "It doesn't say a thing about *leaving* it there."

The judge, recognizing legal genius, gave a verdict of not guilty.



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